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My Travels Through Europe
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My Travels Through Europe

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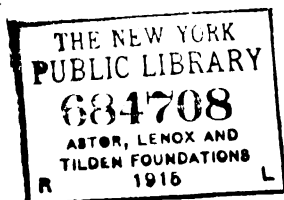
 George F. Stackpole

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RIVERHEAD, N. Y.
1912

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PREFACE

It happened to be my good fortune in the fall of 1906 to make a pleasure and sight-seeing trip around our own country and home across Canada. After my return I published in one of the local papers a brief account of where I went and what I saw.

Again in 1910 it was my good fortune, in company with my wife, to make a pleasure and sight-seeing trip through nine different countries of Europe and on my return I published in a local paper a brief account of our trip and some of the interesting things we saw. I received so many flattering words of appreciation from those who had read my description, that I have felt inclined to have my stories published in book form so that any who may have the desire so to do, can read them. The articles were written hastily in my office evenings, in common everyday language, without any attempt at embellishment or elaboration and describes what we saw or heard from our guide. Nothing is taken from the books or writings of others.

I trust that the reading of this volume will bring pleasure to many friends who have not had the opportunity and pleasure of visiting the places described herein.

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GEO. F. STACKPOLE

Dated, Riverhead, N. Y.

Dec. 25, 1911.

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George F. Stackpole

My Travels in Europe

CHAPTER I

On the morning of June 24, 1910, my wife and I went on board the steamship Menominee, at Philadelphia, with the dream of a lifetime about to be fulfilled. We were off for Europe. The lines were cast off at ten a. m., and we bid good-bye to the home land for ten weeks. We sailed down the river and bay and at six p. m., passed out beyond capes May and Henlopen and turned eastward for our long sea voyage. The Menominee is a small steamer of about 6,000 tons, making about fourteen knots an hour. There were 132 passengers aboard, all first class, at least they were all one class. Many of them were teachers, and all proved to be pleasant and agreeable. The captain was a Norwegian, a very quiet, reserved man, but a very competent navigator. The first mate was a pleasant young Englishman, who tried to maintain the dignity of his office, but found it difficult when the young ladies besieged him. The officers and crew were all very pleasant, obliging and attentive to the wants of the passengers. The weather was fine and the sea smooth

My Travels Through Europe

all the way across the ocean and we amused ourselves parading the deck, reading, playing games and telling stories. One day we sighted a school of whales. One evening a steamer from New York, bound for the same destination, overtook us and we were interested to see the communication carried on between the two vessels by flash lights. A lantern, like a dark lantern, was used. By opening and shutting the slide a long flash or a short one could be made and these corresponded to the dots and dashes in the Morse telegraph code and by this means the signal men could spell out the words and communicate with each other. The steamer that communicated with us had our captain's wife on board. Later I asked him why he did not take his wife to Europe on his own ship. He said the rules of the steamship companies forbade it and when asked for the reason, said that the company felt that there was a likelihood that a captain would pay too ~~much~~ attention to his own family to the neglect of others and in the case of an accident he would look out for his own first of all. The days passed very pleasantly. None were seasick. We were well fed and by paying thirty dollars extra, we had a comfortable room, the best on the boat.

The fourth of July was celebrated with appropriate games, consisting of races, tug of war, jumping, pillow fights, cock fights and bun eating contests. I entered the bun eating contest, which consisted of attempting to eat a bun that was suspended by a string about a yard long and left free to swing. The bun was so tough that it was almost impossible to make any impression upon it with the teeth. It was covered with blackberry jam so that in the attempt to eat it one's face and clothes, if not protected, would be besmeared

My Travels Through Europe

with the jam. A towel pinned around the neck protected the clothes, but the faces of the contestants, after a little time, looked as if they were made of jam. A young English lady took the first prize in this contest and I won the second prize, which consisted of a Belgian half cent piece, with a hole in it.

All the prizes were contributed by the passengers and consisted of things they had brought on board and found they did not really need. There were more than enough to go around, and in the evening an auction of the things which were left was held to raise money to give the crew for their assistance in the games. The lot of auctioneer fell upon me, and the bidding was spirited. A lemon was struck off for thirty-seven cents. A small piece of cheap ribbon, used to tie up a box of candy, brought \$1.10. More than \$14 was raised by means of this auction.

We had religious services on Sundays, conducted in the morning by an Episcopalian clergyman, and in the evening by a Universalist minister. One day we were taken down to the engine room and shown the working of the machinery. The days passed swiftly and pleasantly. Our first glimpse of the other side was the Lizards, then we passed up through the English Channel, enjoying the constantly changing views of the many places made familiar by reading. Like Columbus, we "sailed on and on" and on the morning of the 6th of July, we awoke to find our steamer anchored in the river Scheldt, awaiting the rise of the tide. We were told that there was an eighteen foot rise and fall of the tide and we had entered the river when it was unusually low. The river is kept in its channel by means of dykes that are higher than the tops of most

My Travels Through Europe

of the houses, which were usually one-story high with red roofs.

By nine o'clock the tide had risen sufficiently to allow us to pass up the river and at about eleven a. m. we tied at the wharf at Antwerp, and were soon ashore in that division of Europe called Belgium. Here the conductor, who was to have charge of us in our journey through nine countries of Europe, met us and took us under his protecting care. The custom house officials were very courteous and obliging, subjecting us to very little inconvenience. Soon we were in carriages on our way to a hotel, where we were to partake of lunch and then begin our long journey of sight-seeing.

CHAPTER II

After lunch, at the hotel in Antwerp, we started out sight-seeing under the direction of a local guide. One of the objects of interest which we visited was the old cathedral, Notre Dame. This is 500 feet long and 250 feet wide. One of its towers or spires is 403 feet high. It is said to be the only church in Europe that has six aisles. Several of Rubens' masterpieces adorn its walls. Among the most noted are The Descent from the Cross, The elevation of the Cross and The Assumption. These paintings are almost priceless in value. To one of New England puritan ancestry, it seemed almost sacrilegious to spend so much money on paintings, richly adorned windows, shrines, images, altars, etc., when the great mass of the people are so poor and uneducated, but what we saw here was but a

My Travels Through Europe

little compared with what we were to see in other cities later on.

We also visited St. Paul's church and St. James' church, which surpasses all others in Antwerp in the splendor of its decorations and the profusion of its monuments. In it are the tomb of Rubens, with the beautiful altar piece by Rubens himself. The Hotel de Ville is another object of interest as it contains four styles or types of architecture. Near by is the monument called "Anvers." "Anvers" means "the hand thrown away," and on the top of this bronze monument is a lithe, yet muscular figure carrying away a large hand which has been struck off the giant, who is prostrate at his feet. The giant represents the leader of a cruel tribe, who laid an oppressive burden of taxes on the people, and so was thrust out minus the avaricious hand.

The Antwerp Museum, among other works of art, contains six hundred paintings. Among them are fine specimens of Rubens, Vandyke, Titian and other great masters. After spending the afternoon in seeing the best things in Antwerp, just before dark we took the train for Brussels, about twenty-five miles distant and spent our first night in the so-called old world, in that city. After a night's rest, we started out with a local guide to take in the objects of interest. We were shown the Hotel de Ville, and learned afterwards that most of the great cities have a Hotel de Ville, which is the municipal building.

Among the objects of interest were the monument erected to the memory of the Martyrs of 1830, the Parliament House, with its Senate Chamber, and Chamber of Deputies, the Cathedral, the Royal Museum of Paint-

My Travels Through Europe

ings, the Wiertz Museum, and the Palace of Justice, which cost ~~\$800~~ \$800,400,000 and covers more ground than St. Peter's at Rome. We were shown through the Royal Palace and saw the largest ballroom in Europe, at that time, but since then Kaiser William of Germany has dedicated his fifty-first palace, which has a ballroom about twice the size of the one in Brussels.

In the afternoon we visited the International Industrial Exposition. Having seen the ones at Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis and Buffalo, this one did not excite so much interest as it otherwise might, more especially as it was a cold, rainy day. When we landed at Antwerp, we were told that it had rained every day for forty days and it continued to rain until we reached the countries far to the south. We heard afterward that it was very hot at home. For two weeks after landing, I wore every day a woolen sweater, a winter coat outside of that, then an overcoat and outside of all a rain coat. I have been in the cold country of the north with the mercury forty below zero, but I cannot recollect of ever having suffered so much with cold for a continuous length of time as I did my first two weeks in the Netherlands. We stopped the second night in Brussels and Friday morning took the train for the Hague, where we arrived before noon.

We particularly noticed all about Brussels and the Hague the great variety of crops and their luxuriant growth. There are great avenues of trees, with extremely thick foliage, though the leaves are a little smaller, it seems as if there might be four times as many on them as on a tree of the same size in this country.

My Travels Through Europe

We visited the Museum, where we saw Rembrandt's famous picture, "The Clinic," and Paul Potter's "Bull;" the House of Parliament, saw the Hall of Peace that Carnegie is building as the home for the Peace Conference and were taken into the old Spanish Prison and visited the torture chamber and saw the various instruments of torture. There were saws with which the body was sawn asunder. A rack for stretching the body, another one for breaking arms and legs. Instruments for crushing various parts of the body. A large iron slab upon which prisoners were made to stand while it was heated to a white heat. If the person was not burned he was not guilty, but if the hot iron burned him he was guilty and must be tortured to death. Under this system all were proven guilty. Another form of torture shown was where the prisoner was confined and water was allowed to drop constantly upon his head. We were told that at the end of one day the prisoner became a raving maniac and never lived more than two days. There were other horrible instruments of torture. It is hard to realize that only a few hundred years ago the men of one of the most advanced nations of the time were such barbarous brutes.

We drove out to the Palace in the Woods. It is a beautiful place, several miles out of the city, situated in a magnificent forest. The decorations of the rooms and the paintings on the walls are very beautiful. We were told that the Queen stays only one week during the year in this palace and her excuse is that it does not contain rooms enough. It has forty rooms, while her city palace, which we saw, but were not permitted to enter, contains two hundred rooms. Nearly all the palaces and other places which we visited, require an

My Travels Through Europe

admission fee of from twenty to fifty cents, so the palaces, museums, art galleries are all revenue producing.

We drove out to Scheveningen, the famous watering place of the Netherlands.

CHAPTER III

Saturday, we took the early train for Amsterdam. Here we drove around the city, visited the Royal Palace and marvelled at the wonderful decorations. In Ryks museum, we saw Rembrandt's masterpiece, 'The Night Watch'. This is such a wonderful work of the painter's skill that it has a room of its own. There are many other famous paintings in the museum, but this is the one before which nearly everyone wants to linger. The diamond-cutting works were closed Saturday afternoon, so we did not get there. We drove through the Zoological Gardens, but to us they did not compare favorably with the one in the Bronx.

After a night's rest, we took the steamer for the Isle of Marken, out in the Zuyder Zee. As we passed out of the canal into the ocean or sea, we had to be raised to the level of the sea by a lock, as the water of the sea is several feet higher than the water in and around Amsterdam. As we were in the lock, suddenly the clear notes of a bugle or horn of some kind rang out with the tune of America, Yankee Doodle and other American tunes. It gave one a peculiar thrill to hear reminders of home after listening for days to Dutch jabbering.

My Travels Through Europe

As we were ready to pass out, a bag on the end of a long pole was thrust out across the water to our steamer and the contributions were liberal. After several hours' sail we reached the Isle of Marken, which is noted for retaining the old Dutch dress and customs of several hundred years ago. The men and women alike wear a tight-fitting garment that reaches down to the waist. Then the men have trousers that reach to the knees. These trousers are so full and baggy that they would rub on each side of an ordinary door as a man passed through. Below the trousers are stockings and on their feet are great wooden shoes. The women wear a skirt reaching to the knees, then the stockings and shoes like the men. The children are dressed alike until they are nine years old and the only way to distinguish a boy from a girl as they walk along the street is by their head-dress. The boys and girls wear a bonnet or hood alike, except the boys have a small rosette on the back of their hoods so that to distinguish their sex one must look for the rosette on the hood.

We arrived at our hotel in Amsterdam just before dark, having spent a very enjoyable day. Here we could read outdoors as late as nine o'clock at night and as early as three o'clock in the morning, owing to the long twilight.

The following morning we took the train across the country for Cologne. The cars in Europe are not built with the design of giving travelers a good view of the country through which they pass. They are built on the plan of the old Concord stage. The swell out in the middle and narrow up at the top and bottom. Most of them have an aisle along the side and are divided into compartments with two seats in each compartment,

My Travels Through Europe

facing each other. The seats are intended to accommodate four persons in each. In due time we arrived at Cologne. When we crossed the border from Holland into Germany, our baggage was supposed to be examined by the custom house officers. In all the nine countries in which we travelled, all I had to do was to tell them that I was a poor traveller visiting their country for the first time and I had nothing in my baggage except a change of clothes, and was passed without any examination.

At Cologne, a local guide took charge of us and showed us about the city. The first object to which we were taken was the great cathedral, which was begun in 1248 and not completed until 1880. It cost twenty-two million dollars. It contains many beautiful paintings and stained glass windows. In it is a casket which is said to contain the bones of the three wise men, who went to see the infant Christ. This casket is inlaid with diamonds and precious stones of various kinds and is said to have cost seven million marks (the mark being about twenty-five cents). The church edifice is 532 feet long, 280 feet wide and its tallest tower is 532 feet high. It is said to be one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in the world. In 1813, Napoleon used it as a stable and we were shown the rings put in to tie the horses. We visited the church of St. Ursula. The legend of St. Ursula is that she was the daughter of a Saxon King. A pagan prince desired to marry her, she objected, to the utmost of her power, and finally had the day of the wedding deferred for three years. In a vision at night, she was told to go to Rome and take eleven thousand virgins with her. She went as directed. On their return at Cologne, they were all slain by the Huns.

My Travels Through Europe

Hundreds of years afterwards an old priest claimed to have had some kind of a vision showing him where the bones of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins were. They were dug up. St. Ursula's church was built and these bones were used to line the walls of the church. It is a gruesome sight to see the walls covered with skulls and bones of all parts of the body. It shakes the faith of an unbeliever to discover that some of these virgins' bones are those of men and children.

We were shown one of the six jars used by the Saviour at the marriage at Cana, when he turned water into wine. We were also shown one of the apostle's teeth, one of the thorns from the crown of thorns used at the crucifixion, St. Peter's cane, a part of the true cross and a lot of other things. We also visited the Jesuit church to see its beautiful buildings and works of art in the city. We lay down to rest at night with a larger idea of what the medieval age had done to beautify the world.

CHAPTER IV

After a night's sleep, we took the steamer at 9 a. m. for an all day's sail up the historic Rhine. To me it was an exceedingly interesting trip. On the top of every towering crag and lofty peak were the ruins of an old stone castle. In the days when might made right, the old robber barons sought the most inaccessible places to be found, and there built their strongholds. Such a castle was usually surrounded by a stone wall twenty or more feet high with a circular tower, usually near the entrance gate. Then a deep trench or moat was dug

My Travels Through Europe

twenty or more feet wide and as deep, with a drawbridge that could be either raised to a perpendicular or withdrawn within the castle, and opposite the drawbridge was a gateway or entrance. This was protected by a high, strong gate or portcullis, which worked in grooves and could be raised or lowered at the pleasure of those within. With the bow and arrow, spear and sword as the only weapons of warfare, these strongholds were nearly impregnable.

All day long, from 9 a. m. till 9 p. m., we were passing these old ruins. Everyone of them had a popular legend attached to it. I bought the book of Legends of the Rhine, and as we sailed past an old castle I would read the legend connected with it. One of these legends was thus: "A fierce old knight owned the castle. He made war on and plundered the surrounding country. On one of his expeditions he brought back a beautiful captive maiden. She was so sweet and charming that he made her his wife. Soon a change came over him. Led by her sweet, loving disposition, his character softened until he became an honest, upright, kindly man, ever ready to help others and beloved by all."

We passed the mouse tower. The legend connected with this is as follows: Hatto, Bishop of Fulda wished to become Archbishop of Mayence. By bribery and other means he obtained the office. His advancement increased his pride, ambition and inhumanity. He extorted high taxes from his poor subjects to satisfy his avarice and love of splendor. Tolls and new burdens were invented. He had a strong tower built in the middle of the foaming waves of the Rhine, so that all ships could be stopped and made to pay toll. Soon after the building of this custom house, a terrible drought

My Travels Through Europe

parched the fields and the crops failed. Hatto had bought all that remained of former harvests and locked it up in his granaries. The bishop sold from his stock at such exorbitant prices that the means of the people were soon exhausted. Even his council urged him to have pity on the people, but all in vain. One day a hungry crowd of men, women and children went to the bishop's palace, soliciting bread. He received them with mock condescension, promised them corn and told them to go to a large barn, where they would receive it. As soon as they entered the barn, the doors were fastened and the building was set on fire. Hatto listened to the shrieks and lamentations of the people and said to his follower, "Hear the corn mice squeak. I deal with rebels as with mice. I burn them." This terrible act called down the vengeance of heaven. Out of the ashes of the burnt barn crept innumerable numbers of mice and like a devastating stream they took their way to the bishop's palace and filled all its apartments. He tried to defend himself, but in vain. The more they killed the more appeared. At length the wretch recognized that a higher power had undertaken to avenge his crime. Hatto fled to a ship, but the mice followed him. In despair he shut himself up in his stone tower in the river. The mice followed him there and dug and gnawed entrance into the tower, fell upon him by hundreds of thousands and entirely consumed him. The tower has since remained uninhabited as a mounmental column of this terrible act and as a warning to men against similar crimes.

We passed "Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine." What school boy has not read of The Soldier from Bingen that lay dying in Algiers and told his comrade

My Travels Through Europe

that he was born at Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine? A lady on the boat repeated the poem as we sailed by the city. Opposite the city the vine-clad hills were terraced up more than a thousand feet and completely covered with grape vines. The banks of the Rhine are largely planted to vineyards. We reached Mayence at nine p. m., after a most delightful and never-to-be forgotten day's sail of 117 miles.

Throughout the Netherlands and Germany the women work out in the fields with the men and seemed to do the hardest part of the work. We saw no farm machinery. All the mowing was done by hand. The women swung the scythe along with the men. The scythes were about two and one-half feet long, six inches wide at the heel, tapering to a point. The snaths were curiosities. Some of them would have a post about a foot long set up for the lower handle and a cross piece on this. Others would have the post extend down a foot from the upper handle. By these means the mower could stand erect and his hands would be on a level. In places the hay would be tied up in bundles and carried into the barns on the backs of the men and women. We did not see a woman and a mule yoked together, but in all the cities in these countries we saw dogs and women dragging carts together. The women would have hold of the shafts steering the cart and there would be one or more dogs under the cart harnessed and hitched to it, drawing it through the street.

We stopped all night at Mayence. The next morning hastily visited the cathedral and did the city and then took the train for Heidelberg.

Arriving at Heidelberg, we visited the museum and the old university, founded in 1386, where so many

My Travels Through Europe

famous scholars have studied and taught. We were shown through the prison house where refractory students were confined. The walls of this prison are a curiosity. There are charcoal caricatures of the professors, verses giving characteristics of them or bewailing the misfortune of the student prisoners. Many of the names on the walls were of men who afterwards became famous in letters, politics and theology. We saw the old church on the door of which Jerome of Prague nailed his thesis. We also saw the old church with its partition dividing it into two parts, one end of which is used by the Protestants and the other end by the Catholics. The two bridges across the Neckar river are pointed out as objects of interest. There is a cavern discovered in recent years supposed to be the result of a glacier, which is interesting, but the one object of the most interest to the average traveller is the old castle, which dates back to 1195, and is said to be the second finest one in Europe. It is situated on a high cliff that rises more than three hundred feet above the river. Longfellow calls it the Alhambra of Germany. It is approached by a long, winding road along which are niches in the wall to conceal the defenders. The castle itself is surrounded by a wide, deep moat, with the usual drawbridge and portcullis. The walls are twenty feet thick and in places from fifty to one hundred feet high. Within is a huge tun or wine cask, thirty-two feet long, twenty-four feet wide, with staves six inches thick. It holds forty-nine thousand gallons. We were told that it had been filled but twice and the last time was more than one hundred years ago. There is a well in the castle upward of three hundred feet deep. Cut in the solid rock is a fireplace nearly twenty feet

My Travels Through Europe

wide with a chimney one hundred and twenty feet high. It is made large enough to roast an ox whole. One end of the castle was blown out by the French nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. Hours and even days might be interestingly spent in wandering through the ruins of the grand old castle there are so many objects of interest in it.

CHAPTER V

The next morning we started for Switzerland by way of Bale. At Berne, the capital of Switzerland, we were put on the wrong train by our conductor, who managed to get left at the station with all our tickets and baggage checks, while we discovered, after about an hour, that we were on the road to Geneva instead of Interlaken. We left the train at Freiborg, hired a carriage and drove around the city, viewing the cathedral, the old wall, the high bridge and whatever we could see of interest. After several hours' drive, we returned to the station where we had left our baggage and here for a short time there was trouble. An old woman had charge of the baggage, she did not understand English and we could not understand her. A train came in and she would not let us have our baggage and I started to take it "vis et armis." Just at this moment one of the ladies of our party came running up to me saying there was trouble about her ticket, the agent claimed that I had it. I had to leave the old woman and rush back to the ticket office to straighten out that matter and when I got back, by the use of a liberal amount of money, the baggage had been obtained.

My Travels Through Europe

We returned to Berne and there took the right train for Interlaken, which we reached in the evening. The next morning I arose and went out in front of the hotel. What a wonderful sight met my view. The Swiss Alps were spread out before me. In the rift between two mountains, I could see the Jungfrau raising its mighty snow-covered peak up among the clouds. As I stood gazing at it, lost in rapturous astonishment, a man from Philadelphia, who was a member of our party, came out, and after gazing for a few moments at the wonderful panorama spread out before us, said "That is the most beautiful sight that my eyes have ever beheld." *After breakfast see next page*

Pages 11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100

The next morning we started for Brienz, where we were switched on the funicular railway over the Brünig Pass. As we were pushed up the steep incline by the cogwheel engine, I looked back over the beautiful Swiss valley that we had just left, which appeared to be perfectly level. It was surrounded by the lofty Alps and its green fields were dotted with the white, picturesque Swiss chalets. It made a beautiful picture ever to be remembered. We were pushed over the summit of the pass, rolled down the slope of the mountain, embarked on a steamer on the lake, and in due time reached Lucerne.

Some years ago one of the great periodicals sent out to a large number of people the question, "Which is the most beautiful city in the world?" A majority answered, Lucerne. Our guide book says that no one can claim to know Switzerland unless he has spent part of a summer at Lucerne. It is called the metropolis of the travelling world. On one side stands Mount Rigi, on the other Mount Pilatus, while between them lies the

My Travels Through Europe

2 Lake of the Four Cantons, with the snow-covered peaks of the Alps in every direction. On the shores of this lake William Tell performed his famous exploit. A statue of Tell, of heroic size, is seen, also a chapel dedicated to him. One of the famous sights is the Lion of Lucerne, carved in the face of a rocky cliff sixty feet high, in 1821, by Ahorn, of Constance, after a model by Thorwaldsen. It commemorates the heroic struggle and valor of the battalions of the Swiss guard, who on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792, all died at their post defending the Tuileries against the revolutionists of the Reign of Terror. Carved in the rock above the lion is the legend "Helvetorum fidei ac Vertuti." An arrow is represented as piercing the wounded lion, defending even to death the charge entrusted to him.

After breakfast we took a four-horse carriage and started up to the Grindelwald Glacier. On our way we saw in the valley on our right the mighty pile of snow brought down by an avalanche which occurred the week before, which overwhelmed a party of nineteen tourists and killed outright six of them. We toiled up and up until about two o'clock when we reached the vicinity of this glacier or great sea of ice flowing down between two mountains. When asked what I thought of it I replied that it was only a baby glacier compared with some I had seen in my own country. It was insignificant when contrasted with some in the Canadian Selkirk mountains in British Columbia.

A channel about three feet wide and seven feet high had been cut several hundred feet into the ice. I went up to the end of this channel. We were warned by the guide to make haste in getting out as the ice was melting and showing signs of giving way. Near the foot of

My Travels Through Europe

the glacier a wire cable stretched across the valley to a peak two thousand feet high and a car is hauled up on this cable to the peak. One of our party rode up in the car. I looked at the car swinging in the air at that dizzy height and then I looked at the solid ground under my feet. Old earth looked far more attractive to me than did the journey through the air. The trip of about fifteen miles down the mountain was made in a small part of the time that it took us to go up. We reached Interlaken just in time to escape a heavy shower.

The Glacier Garden is another object of interest. There are the usual churches and museums in Lucerne, but the beautiful scenery overshadows everything else.

3 After a night's rest we took the steamer on the lake for Vitzenau, and there changed for the Rigi railway. It ascends the rocky side of a ravine, through tunnels and across bridges and viaducts, among romantic scenery giving a gradually extended view of the Alps, until at last we stood on the Rigi-Kulm. The summit of the Rigi is about six thousand feet high. Some one has said of the prospect from this peak, "Words cannot do justice to a landscape more than two hundred miles in diameter, including fourteen lakes, with the Alps, the Jura, the Black Forest and the Vosges mountains on the northern horizon, while towards the south a host of peaks form a snowy garland. Gleaming lakes and rivers, towns, villages and grassy meadow lands lie at our feet and range upon range of lofty mountains surround us." The person who views this glorious scene and does not feel his heart expand within him, and does not rejoice in the beauties of this old earth

My Travels Through Europe

upon which we live, ought not to stand in such a place and look out on such a wonderful natural panorama.

We took lunch at the hotel on the summit, and spent the greater part of the day drinking in the beautiful vista with which we were surrounded. It was interesting to watch the clouds floating through space, striking the mountains below us, passing by them and then go sailing on through the air. Sometimes one lighter and higher up would strike the top of the mountain, and we would be enveloped in a thick mist.

The mountain flowers are varied and beautiful, mountain daisies, forget-me-nots, a kind of laurel, blue gentian, and so on. The edelweiss grows on almost inaccessible heights, and does not bloom until August and is then hard to get, although plenty of dried specimens were for sale. It used to grow further down, but as here with some of our finest wild flowers, has been almost exterminated by people who are not satisfied with the flower itself, but drag it up by the roots. Boys climb for it, and sell little bunches to travellers, many of whom never see it actually growing.

The cows are pastured on some of these mountain heights, where the cheese and butter are made. The peasants live here then in little shacks, but go to the valleys below as cold weather comes, where others of the family have been harvesting hay and raising a few potatoes and garden vegetables through the summer.

Late in the afternoon we took the train, descended to the lake, then went aboard the steamer and in due time reached the dock at Lucerne and were quickly in our hotel ready to gather the drapery of our couch about us and lie down to peaceful slumber, dreaming of the

My Travels Through Europe

marvels of art and nature that we were permitted to see. Sometimes in our waking hours it was hard to realize that it was not all a dream. The next morning we took the train, rode to Zurich, crossed Lake Constance, left Switzerland, entered Germany again en route for Munich, which, next to Dresden, is the great metropolis of German art.

The city is beautifully laid out, with long, straight streets, and this was accomplished by Ludwig I, in 1835. He gave from his private estate, then in the farming section, but now in the heart of the city, a tract five miles long by a mile and a half wide, for a park. A part of this is called the English Gardens because it is set out largely with English trees and shrubbery. No building is ever to be erected upon it. In another part of the city is a large plot of ground for games and sports, and building there is also forever prohibited. In the Royal Garden no intoxicating liquors are sold, but tea, coffee, and iced drinks can be obtained for a small sum. Munich has a fine water supply, brought from the heart of the mountains, thirty miles away, in such quantities that numerous fountains are playing all the time, and the streets of the whole city are washed every night.

We visited the Royal Palace, the Treasury, the New Pinakothek, the Old Pinakothek, with their wealth of paintings and other works of art and the Museum. We were also taken into the great beer house maintained by the city. We were told that the beer kept here had to be inspected and must be as pure as beer can be. It is sold a cent a glass cheaper than elsewhere. The huge building accommodates a thousand people and is full most of the time during business hours. No police

My Travels Through Europe

officers, guards or waiters were present so far as we could see. People would enter, go to a shelf, take their mugs, step to a faucet and rinse them, then go to the beer barrel, draw the beer, go to a table and sit down and sip the beer. Then the mugs were returned to the shelf, the money dropped in the box or till, and the transaction was finished. We were told that no drunkenness occurs in this place. In most places in Europe that we visited the people drink differently from what they do here at home. I did not see drinking at bars the same as here. They get a glass of beer or wine, sit at a table and slowly sip it. The beer houses would be crowded evenings with men and women chatting, smoking and drinking. I saw but little drunkenness until I reached England.

Along the Rhine country I was told that the wage of a day laborer was forty cents a day. In Rome the wage of the mechanics was one dollar a day. If free trade ever prevails in this country so that our labor has to compete with the cheap labor of Europe, it is easy to foretell the result. In most of the cities we saw goods of American manufacture, but nowhere did we find them enough cheaper than at home to make it an object to buy and pay the duty on them.

American travellers are considered the legitimate prey of the natives, and the price asked for most articles was above what I could buy the same thing for at home. We found that in most cases several times the actual bottom price was asked us, and it required a long time and much bartering to get an article for the lowest selling price. One soon became tired of such dickering, and returned with kindly remembrance and regard to the one-price stores of his native land.

My Travels Through Europe

There was much to enjoy in Munich, and the recollection of the days spent there is very pleasant. The time soon came when we were to turn our steps from here towards Oberammergau, where we were to listen to the historic drama of the Passion Week.

CHAPTER VI

On the 19th day of July we took the train at Munich for Oberammergau, where we arrived about 5 p. m. Ober means upper, Ammer is the name of the river flowing through the village, and gau is the German word for country or province—hence the word means the upper province of the Ammer river. It is a village of about sixteen hundred inhabitants, situated in a level valley almost on the watershed of the Bavarian Alps. A few rods above the village the mountains on either side of the valley, rising to the height of three thousand feet, approach until there is hardly room for the river and a roadway alongside of it.

Aside from the Passion Play, the great Catholic church is the central figure of the village. The inhabitants are Catholics and the play is Catholic, although there is nothing in it that indicates sect. The streets are irregular, winding around among the houses, which appear to have been built at random. Wood carving is the chief industry of the place, except every tenth year, when the Passion Play takes precedence of everything.

We were told that the origin of the play at Oberammergau dates back to 1633, when a great plague was devastating that part of Europe. In some of the neigh-

My Travels Through Europe

boring villages, nearly every inhabitant died of the plague. The little village of Oberammergau attempted to escape it by a strict quarantine. No one was allowed to enter or leave the village and guards were maintained to see that this quarantine was enforced.

Casper Schuchler was working in a plague-stricken village at a distance. An uncontrollable desire took possession of him to see his native village. Various reasons are given for this. One is that he had a wife and children living there, another is that his parents lived there, and filial love prompted him to visit them to see if they were comfortably cared for. Still another is that he had a premonition of death and longed to see his home once more before he died. At any rate, one dark, stormy night, he evaded the quarantine and stole into this village. In two days he was dead of the plague. It spread with such fatal haste that in a few days eighty-four of the inhabitants were dead. In their dire extremity, the villagers assembled to discuss the desperate situation. Unless the plague was stayed the whole village might perish with it. As a result of their deliberations they made a solemn vow that if they were delivered from the plague, as a sign of gratitude for their deliverance, they would, every ten years thereafter, perform the Passion Play. It is claimed that from that hour the plague was stayed and there were no more deaths. The deliverance was as great as when Moses lifted up the brazen serpent in the wilderness. Beginning with 1634, the play has been enacted every ten years. In 1680 it was changed so as to occur on the year ending with a cipher.

While at Oberammergau we lodged at the house of Annas, the High Priest. His real name is Sebastian

My Travels Through Europe

Lang, a relative of Anton Lang, who acted the part of Christ.

The building where the play is performed is 140 feet wide, about 200 feet deep and 65 feet high, and holds about 6,000 people. The seats rise in tiers so that two short flights of stairs are necessary to reach the back seats. The building is enclosed on three sides, the fourth side or end is entirely open. Across this open end, without any covering or shelter, is the stage extending the whole width of the building and about thirty feet deep. It is large enough to hold 400 people at one time. Back of the stage and adjoining it in the center and about half the width of the stage is the play house or temple, where the tableaux are shown. A curtain covering the whole end of the temple next to the stage is raised and lowered as required.

As one sits facing the stage, on the extreme right at the back corner and even with the front of the play house is the palace of Annas and on the left of the stage is the palace of Pilate. Between these palaces and the play house are the two streets over which the players come on the stage. There are curtains at each end of the stage so that the players cannot be seen, by those outside the hall, while taking their parts. The play is advertised to begin at eight o'clock and continues till noon, then after an intermission it begins at two o'clock and ends at six, thus occupying eight hours to perform it. About half the time is used in reciting the prologue, singing, and exhibiting the tableaux. The chorus extends the entire distance across the stage. They are dressed in beautiful costumes after the style of the Jews at the time of the Saviour. Those on opposite sides of the center, at an equal distance therefrom, have the

My Travels Through Europe

same color, either white, yellow, purple, red, orange or whatever color it might be. Notwithstanding the large numbers on the stage at times, there is no confusion, everything moves on with the regularity of clock work. There are no delays. All the players have full, rotund, smooth voices that roll up through the great building with such a volume that from the most remote distance from the stage one can hear distinctly.

The play begins promptly at the appointed time with a prelude, followed by the first tableau representing the fall. The great curtain is drawn up—Adam and Eve are seen dressed in white sheepskin flying from the Garden of Eden, in which stands the tree with the forbidden fruit thereon, while from its branches hangs the serpent. An angel with a sword painted to look like flame, stands to prevent their return. The people acting the tableau stand as motionless as marble figures.

The curtain drops, the chorus advances and sings appropriate words, the reciter repeats the prologue, then a second tableau is shown, representing the Adoration of the Cross. A wooden cross stands on a rock in the center of the stage. A girl stands with one hand around the cross and holding a palm branch in the other. Another kneels at its foot, while fourteen small children representing cherubs, are pointing and gazing at the cross. The curtain falls, more singing by the chorus and then the first act begins with the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem. The multitude come down the street between the palace of Annas and the play house, waving palm branches and singing Hosanna. In their midst Christ appears riding on a small donkey. Both of his feet are on one side of the donkey and nearly touch the ground. For two years before the play the

My Travels Through Europe

men neither shave nor have their hair cut, so they present a picturesque appearance as they come on the stage. Christ rides to the front of the temple or play house, looks at the busy scene in the temple. The priests are busy with the money changers. Buying and selling were in full progress.

Jesus gazes at them a moment and then breaks out with denunciation, reproves the priests, orders all out of the temple, upsets the tables and scatters the money, releases the doves from the baskets and they fly away. Then taking a small rope and using it as a whip, he drove the traders out. A lengthy discussion between Jesus, the priests, pharisees and traders is carried on during all the time. Jesus entered the temple and when he has disappeared, the priests, pharisees and traders denounce him and make threats against him and the first act closes.

CHAPTER VII

The second act began with a prologue, then a tableau representing Joseph's brethren in the plain of Dathan, conspiring to kill Joseph, who, with his many colored coat, is approaching from behind. After the tableau the chorus sing and then the Sanhedrin appear in council and discuss Jesus and his acts.

After a long, heated debate, in which the traders who had been driven out of the Temple brought out their grievances, it was decided to seize Jesus and cast him into a dungeon. Then came the question of how this could be done. Dathan, conspicuous among the traders, said: "I know one of his followers from whom

My Travels Through Europe

I could gain the needed information if I could offer him a sufficient reward." Caiaphas at once authorized him to offer the reward and the people separated.

The third act represents the leave taking at Bethany. The tableau is taken from the Apocrypha and represents Tobias taking leave of his parents with his little dog, before setting forth with the Angel Raphael. After the tableau Jesus appears with his disciples, walking toward Bethany and discoursing to them. At length they enter Simon's house, where Mary Magdalene pours a bottle of ointment over Jesus' head, then anoints his feet and wipes them with her hair. Judas objects to the waste and Jesus mildly reproves him. Then comes the leave taking with Martha, Mary, Simon, Lazarus and others. It is made very pathetic by the players. They all went out together and the third act ended.

After the prologue and singing by the chorus, the tableau is shown representing Vashti at the Court of Ahasuerus, falling before her consort as he welcomes Esther to the vacant throne. Vashti's fate is declared by the chorus to foreshadow the evil that was to befall the Synagogue. After the tableau and chorus, Jesus and his disciples appear on the way to Jerusalem. When he sees the city he utters his lamentation over it and weeps. The disciples endeavor to persuade their master not to enter Jerusalem, but he cuts short the discussion by directing Peter and John to go into the city and prepare the passover. After they were gone, Judas came forward and said they were short of means of support. Jesus reproved him. They all went away and left Judas alone.

While he stood murmuring and solilo-

My Travels Through Europe

quizing, Dathan appeared and began to try by artifice and bribery to induce Judas to betray his master. Six of Dathan's companions came up and joined with him in trying to persuade Judas. They offer him a large fortune and to provide for him in the future. At length Judas yielded to the persuasion and bribes. In the meantime Peter and John enter the city, meet the servant of Mark, who takes them to his master's house and then arrangements are made for the passover and the fourth act ends.

The fifth act opens with the prologue, followed by a tableau with four hundred persons on the stage, representing the gathering of manna in the wilderness. The manna is falling from overhead like snowflakes. The curtain drops and raises again and the spies are seen returning from the promised land. Two of them are bearing a bunch of grapes as large as a flour barrel. It is tied to a pole, which rests on their shoulders and they stagger under the weight. After the curtain falls, Jesus and his disciples appear eating the last supper. They are seated or recline after the arrangement of Leonardo de Vinci's famous fresco or painting of the last supper in the Santa Maria della Grazie, in Milan, which we were to see later in our journey. Then followed the washing of the feet of the disciples, the breaking of the bread and drinking the wine. Jesus going out, followed by Judas, discourses to the eleven.

Act six represents Judas before the Sanhedrin. The tableau shows Joseph's brethren selling him to the Midianites for thirty pieces of silver. After the tableau, the Sanhedrin appears in session. Judas is brought before it by Dathan and another. The bargain is made and the money is paid to him. Nicode-

My Travels Through Europe

mus stands up and denounces him. The others encourage him and he goes out with Dathan and four others. Then the Sanhedrin discuss what they shall do with Jesus. Caiaphas urges his death and all agree except Nathaniel. Later, Joseph of Arimathea protests. It is arranged that witnesses shall be produced against Jesus and the sixth act ends.

The seventh act represents the Garden of Gethsemane. The first tableau shows Adam under the curse, sweating in the garden with his children helping him pull the thorns and briars. The second represents Joab's treacherous assassination of Amasa. Then the scene opens in the Mount of Olives. Judas, Dathan and armed soldiers stealthily approach the place where Jesus has withdrawn himself. As Jesus, having retired to the Garden of Gethsemane, foretold his disciples what was to happen, Peter, James and John fall asleep. Jesus passes on to the grotto in the garden, falls on his face, prays, then returns and finds the disciples sleeping. He arouses them and gives his final discourse. Judas and the crowd appear. Judas creeps up behind the Master, reaches over his shoulder and kisses him. The arrest follows, then the binding and the marching away, driving Jesus before them. The seventh act and the first division of the play ends.

The eighth act represents the trial of Jesus before Annas. In the tableau preceding it, Zedekiah, the priest of Baal, smites Micaiah for predicting the death of Ahab, King of Israel. It is to be observed that all the tableaux preceding the acts represent an analogous scene from the old testament. Jesus is brought bound before Annas. The story of the cutting of Malchus' ear is told. Jesus is accused and smitten. Annas said

My Travels Through Europe

"I am tired of the villain, take him away," and he is led away with cheering and mocking by the rabble to the house of Caiaphas.

The ninth act is introduced by two tableaux. One represents the stoning of Naboth by Jezebel's sons of Belial. The second represents Job sitting on a dunghill, scoffed at and derided by his wife, friends and servants. The curtain falls and Caiaphas appears in his bed chamber with the priests and pharisees rejoicing over the arrest of Jesus. Later Jesus is led in bonds. Caiaphas tells him that he is accused of stirring up the people to disobedience; of blasphemy; of not keeping the Sabbath and of trying to cause the holy tradition of the fathers to be despised. Five witnesses are brought in who testify against Jesus. He said nothing until Caiaphas asked him if he was the Messiah. He answered that he was. Then Caiaphas said he was worthy of death.

Then the law was read which stated the penalties for disobedience of the holy law; for profaning the Sabbath and for blasphemy. Then Caiaphas pronounced the sentence of death. Judas appeared moving as one distracted, and learning of the sentence of death, broke forth into lamentation and said: "Surely they cannot come to that—there was no reason for that." During the trial the watch were standing out in the street. A servant invited them into the house where there was a fire. They entered the room and warmed themselves by the fire. Peter and John, wandering about the street, sought an entrance to warm themselves. Then came the denial of Peter and the cock crowing. Jesus was brought into the same room. When Peter saw him he went out greatly troubled. Then followed

My Travels Through Europe

scoffing at and smiting Jesus. After this he was led away by Pilate.

The tenth act was opened by a tableau representing the slaying of Abel by Cain. The first scene of this act shows Judas given over to despair and bewailing his terrible act. The second scene represents the Sanhedrin assembled in council with Judas pleading with them, but he is met with scorn and told that he proposed it and was responsible for all. He threw the thirty pieces of silver on the floor and rushed out. The high priests and council discussed what should be done with the money and decided to buy with it a burial place for strangers.

Jesus was led a second time before the high priests and again sentenced to death. Messengers are sent to the house of Pilate, who gave permission for the high priests to present their appeal to him. Then Judas appears and after the most bitter denunciation of himself, untied his girdle, twined it about his neck and hanged himself. The part of Judas was one of the best taken in the play and my sympathy for Judas was strongly aroused.

The eleventh act was prefaced by a tableau representing Daniel denounced before Darius and consigned to the den of lions. The act opens with Jesus before Pilate, who stood on the balcony of his house. Annas, Caiaphas and the high priests bitterly denounced Jesus. Pilate treated their denunciation rather scornfully and sarcastically. Finally Jesus was brought within before Pilate's judgment seat and is privately examined by Pilate, who appears to be pleased with Jesus' answer. Meanwhile a messenger comes from Pilate's wife, begging him to have nothing to do with the matter. Pilate

My Travels Through Europe

decides not to comply with the wishes of the priests and orders them to appear before him again and when they had appeared he told them he found nothing against Jesus. The Jews were enraged. Pilate, learning from them that Jesus was a Galilean, ordered him taken before Herod, their own King.

The twelfth act opens with Jesus before Herod. It is opened with a tableau representing Samson pulling down the temple and destroying the Philistines. As Samson broke the huge pillars, the building came down with a terrible crash and the curtains fell at the same time.

The parallel in this case is between the mocking of Samson and the jeers to which Jesus was subjected, and does not refer to the vengeance of the former upon the Philistines.

King Herod appeared arrayed in scarlet robes with a golden crown on his head. Caiaphas, Annas and others came in leading Jesus. Caiaphas, addressing the King, said the Sanhedrin had decreed Jesus' death and now asked him to confirm the sentence. Herod objected, but was told that Pilate had ordered Jesus brought before him. Then followed the accusation. Herod told Jesus that he had a dream the night before and asked Jesus to tell him what it was. Jesus remained motionless. Then Herod told him his dream and asked for an interpretation thereof, but still no answer. Then Herod requested to see some of his power, asking him to make the room suddenly dark or to withdraw without touching the ground or convert his death roll into a snake. Then Herod said all the stories told about him were only idle tattle and he is only a conceited fellow not worth making trouble about.

My Travels Through Europe

Then Annas said if he be not put away then would the peace of the kingdom stand in danger, for he called himself a king. Then said Herod, he deserves homage, but the high priests and others cried out, accusing him of blasphemy, of profaning the temple and declaring that he could build a more beautiful one in three days.

Herod declared he would not be guilty of the blood of so exalted a king, and a white robe was brought and put on Jesus and he was led away to be exhibited to the people thus robed. The priests and rabbi continued to beseech Herod to confirm the decree of death, but Herod refused and said he would have nothing more to do with the affair and the priests went out sorely dissatisfied.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Act thirteen opens with the recital of the prologue. Then follow two tableaux. The first represents the bringing of Joseph's coat all steeped in blood, to his father Jacob. The second represents Abraham about to offer Isaac on Mount Moriah. Abraham is a long-bearded patriarch. Isaac is a black-haired, curly-headed boy. Abraham stands with a large knife ready to slay Isaac, while a restraining angel stands by him pointing to a ram in the thicket. When this tableau was presented, a person who sat near me, whose early training had evidently not been under a grandmother Lois, or a mother Eunice, said: "Why does Abraham want to kill Isaac and murder his own son?" The chorus sang the story in verse of Abraham's willingness to offer

My Travels Through Europe

his son. That he saw the ram and sacrificed him and that the picture showed a great mystery still shrouded in darkness, but like this offering, Christ shall soon be crowned with thorns.

Then appeared Caiaphas, Annas, the chief priests and rulers, the council, traders, witnesses and soldiers leading Jesus once more to Pilate's house. They were talking loudly and threatening to appeal to Caesar if Pilate did not grant their request to put Jesus to death. When they arrived before Pilate's house, he came out, attended by his servants. Caiaphas said, "We bring the prisoner once more before you and earnestly desire his death." The priests shouted, "We insist upon his death." Pilate said to them, "I have examined him and found nothing against him concerning the things of which you accuse him. I sent him to Herod because he was a Galilean." Caiaphas said, "Herod would not judge the case because you are in authority here." Pilate said then, "He too, has found nothing against this man, but to meet your desires I will have him scourged." But they cried out, "That will not do, he must die." Pilate seeing their bitterness, reproves them and tells them that they persecute Jesus because the people are more devoted to him than they are to the priests. Pilate then told them that Barabbas, the murderer, lay in chains and he would let the people decide which one he should release. They all cried out, "Release Barabbas." Pilate said to them haughtily, "You are not the people, the people will speak for themselves, but meanwhile I will have this one scourged," and then he entered the house.

Then the high priests and people raised a great tumult and cried out, "Release to us Barabbas." The

My Travels Through Europe

soldiers led Jesus away and scourged him. The scourges were soft and padded, otherwise the person representing Jesus would have suffered severely, so vigorous was the scourging.

Then followed the taunting and mocking by the soldiers and people, the putting on of the crown of thorns and blood appeared flowing down over his face and head. A servant from Pilate desired the prisoner brought over to the judgment hall and the thirteenth act was at an end.

After the prologue came a tableau representing the choice of the scapegoat in the temple, before an interested crowd of spectators. Then the chorus sang, and the fourteenth act opens with a great uproar in the streets. The priests and traders are running everywhere stirring up the people. A vast throng proceed to Pilate's house and demand the release of Barabbas and the crucifixion of Jesus. They rush about the stage denouncing Jesus and demanding his death. They shout to Pilate to pronounce the sentence of death. Pilate comes out on his balcony and pointing to Jesus with his scarlet robe about him, says, "Ecce homo." The priests and pharisees cry out, "Crucify him." Pilate says to them, "Does the pitiful sight of him awaken any compassion in you?" They shout in response to Pilate's appeal, "Let him die!" Then Pilate says, "Take him and crucify him at your own risk—I will have nothing to do with it, as I find no fault in him."

Then he orders Jesus led down from the portico of his house and Barabbas brought out of prison. He then upbraids the people for their fickleness, reminding them that only a few days before they were rejoicing

My Travels Through Europe

and shouting hosannas at Jesus' entrance into Jerusalem. Then he calls their attention to the two, Barabbas, a vicious, savage, person, the image of a perfect scoundrel, and Jesus, the mild mannered, dignified and wise teacher, not guilty of a single misdeed and therefore honored, and asks which he shall release. They cry out, "Away with him and release Barabbas!" "Crucify him!" Pilate says, "I find no fault with him. He has been scourged. I will let him go free." The priests cry out, "If you let him go free you are no friend of Caesar's, and what will he say when he learns that his viceroy is protecting a traitor, whose death the whole people demand?"

They continue to press Pilate in every way they can imagine, and at last he yields, calls for a basin of water, washes his hands and says, "I am innocent of the blood of this just one." Then goes up a demoniacal cry from the priests and people, and as with one voice all cry out; "His blood be upon us." Pilate orders Barabbas freed and led outside the gate never to enter again.

Then the two thieves are brought out. The sentence of death is read by a scribe and Jesus is led away to Golgotha with the priests, pharisees and the vast multitude rejoicing and shouting for joy and the fourteenth act ends.

We had not only seen acted out on the stage a good representation of how judges, rulers and good men are swayed and led to act against their own judgment by popular clamor and we had seen a good representation also of the fickleness of friendship and popularity when the tide of public feeling turns against us. A few months ago our country resounded with acclama-

My Travels Through Europe

tions over a man. A few high priests of politics took offense, raised a clamor, the rabble joined in it and raised the cry, away with him, crucify him. It is the old, old story so often repeated in the history of the world. Our best friends turn against us and become our worst enemies.

The procession arrives at Golgotha, where first the two thieves are hanged to the cross, one on the right and one on the left. They are tied to the cross with ropes. But when they come to Jesus they nail him to the cross. The foot of the cross rests on the ground, while the head is raised about two feet. Jesus is laid on the cross and large nails are apparently driven through the center of the palms of both hands. We could clearly see the large head to the nail driven by repeated blows to the middle of the palms and a little blood appearing. From what I saw, I assumed that a crooked nail was used, the nail being driven down between the fingers with the head of the nail in the center of the palm, so that to all appearances the nails were driven through the middle of the hands. The feet were crossed and apparently a large nail was driven through both feet into the wood. It is probable that the same form of a crooked nail was used for this purpose. When he was securely nailed to the cross the superscription was put above his head, then several of the men took hold of the cross, raised it upright, let the foot drop into a hole, the earth was filled in and the cross stood firm.

Then the priests and pharisees and the rabbi had a time of great rejoicing. Objection was made to the inscription above the cross and a messenger sent to the governor requesting him to change it. Then the four

My Travels Through Europe

executioners took Jesus' mantle, one at each corner, and pulling altogether, tore it into four parts. The parts were regular and all alike, which would indicate that the mantle was made with special reference to rending in this manner.

They take the coat and seeing that it would spoil it to tear it in pieces, they agree to cast lots for it. Dice are found. The men squat on the ground and throw the dice. The last one to throw has the sixes and takes the garment.

The messenger returns and announces that the governor refuses to permit the inscription to be changed. Then they begin to revile Jesus; at length he raises his head and utters his plea that they may be forgiven. The two thieves address him, and the promise is given to one of them. Then Mary, the mother of Jesus, and John are seen approaching and when they reach the cross Jesus says, "Mother, behold thy son," and to John, "Son, behold thy mother." Then follows the thirst and the sponge filled with vinegar, the final cry and the commending of the spirit. Jesus' head falls forward and he gives up the ghost. Immediately followed the earthquake and thunder and lightning. It was so realistic that for a moment it seemed as if the whole building was coming down. The priests were alarmed. The centurion said, "Verily this is the son of God." The frightened people acknowledge their sins and seek forgiveness.

Word comes that the veil of the temple is rent in twain. The people rush away, leaving the women, John, and the friends of Jesus at the cross. A request is sent to Pilate begging for the body of Jesus. A messenger comes from Pilate with an order to have the

My Travels Through Europe

legs of the crucified broken and the bodies taken down. The executioners, with huge cotton clubs, go through the form of breaking their legs. When they approach Jesus, Mary Magdalene springs before them and begs them to spare him. One of them says, "He is already dead, so there is no need to break his legs." Another one says, "To make sure, I will pierce his side," and seizing a spear he thrusts it against Jesus' side. The water and blood rush out and run down the body.

It looked real, but the blood and water were concealed in the head of the spear, and the thrust of the handle forced it out.

After some colloquy, the hangmen lower the bodies of the two thieves from the crosses and bear them away. Just then the high priest and the rulers of the Sanhedrin approach, and desire that the body of Jesus be cast into a pit of shame. Before anything is done, Joseph of Arimathea, with a servant of Pilate, approaches from the other side. The servant asks if Jesus is dead. When told that he is, he says that Pilate has ordered the body to be given to Joseph in accordance with his request. The holy women rejoice, but the Sanhedrin denounce Joseph. The high priest says they will not submit to it, but the centurion says, "The body has been given to Joseph and he can do what he pleases with it."

CHAPTER IX

The executioners, the soldiers and the centurion and his band, gather up the basket, cord, dice, and fragments of Jesus' mantle, leaving the high priest, the rabbis, the holy women, and the friends at the cross.

My Travels Through Europe

Annas says, "We must be on our guard, for the deceiver said he would rise in three days." A rabbi says, "They could easily practice deception and make trouble by secretly removing his body, and then claiming that he had arisen from the dead." It is thereupon arranged to go to Pilate and ask him for a guard of soldiers to watch over the grave for three days. All his enemies then leave to see Pilate. Nicodemus and Joseph begin taking down the body of Jesus. Two ladders are brought, one being placed in front of the cross and the other behind it. Joseph mounts the front ladder and Nicodemus the one behind. Joseph has a roll of linen which he passes around Jesus' body under the arms, then the ends over the arms of the cross. Simon takes hold of one end and Lazurus of the other. Nicodemus takes pincers and pulls the nails out of the hands and feet.

Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother, in the meantime discuss Jesus' death and the hope of seeing him again and take comfort, because they have his sacred body. Salome calls upon the others to help prepare the winding sheet. Simon and Lazurus, holding the ends of the linen roll, slowly lower the body into the arms of Joseph of Arimathea, and the body is placed on the linen winding sheet.

Anton Lang, who represented Jesus, is a large man. He hung on the cross apparently unsupported except by the nails for nearly half an hour. Afterwards I saw wooden pins in the cross upon which his feet probably rested and I heard it said that a broad, steel band passed around his body and was fastened to the wooden cross so that his position was not uncomfortable. None of those means of support were visible.

My Travels Through Europe

The body was anointed and borne away and laid in Joseph's tomb. During all the time the holy women and men kept up a conversation extolling Jesus. A burial song was sung by the chorus.

The seventeenth act, representing the resurrection, was begun with four soldiers sitting outside the tomb where the body of Jesus had been laid. They were gaping and discussing whether or not it was morning, when suddenly there was a great earthquake and the stone, which had been placed at the mouth of the sepulchre, began to totter and rolled away.

Jesus could be seen lying in the sepulchre. He slowly rises, passes through the door of the sepulchre and out into the garden out of sight. The soldiers fall prostrate, and after Jesus disappears have a lengthy discourse over the strange scene, and then hasten away. Immediately Mary Magdalene, Salome, and Joanna come in view bearing spices. They are discussing how they can get the stone rolled away from the grave. When near enough to have a clear view, they see that the stone has been rolled away and the grave is empty. A young man dressed in white appears and tells them that Jesus is risen and is not there. As they start to hurry away Jesus appears to them and speaks to Mary. She recognizes him, saying, "Rabboni." He tells them not to touch him and vanishes. The act closes with the women rejoicing because the Lord is risen.

The final and concluding act consisted of a Hallelujah chorus. Then followed a tableau representing the Ascension. The curtain rose. Christ appears robed in white with a palm branch in his hand, standing in the midst of his disciples. His mother, Mary Magdalene, John and Peter are close to him. He blesses them

My Travels Through Europe

and begins slowly to rise into the air by some invisible means. The apostles and holy women follow him with their gaze until he appears to reach a great company of angels. Then the curtain falls and with a song of victory the Passion Play is over.

I had sat there and listened to it for eight hours. I had been carried along with it to such an extent that I forgot to be tired. It was not acting. It was natural and realistic. The players made it a part of their being. We had witnessed the scenes of the last week of the Saviour's life portrayed in a marvellously realistic manner; not a single incident as given in the Bible was omitted. Much of the time was occupied in elaborating by conversation and dialogue and giving details of the scenes as set forth in the Bible. Before I had seen it, I had a feeling that it was sacrilegious and was treating lightly on the stage these sacred scenes and incidents. After one has seen the play he will have none of that feeling.

To the people of Oberammergau it is a solemn, religious fulfilment of a vow that is held sacred by them. Does a spirit of commercialism enter into the performance? No, not in the play itself, but in the village there is commercialism. There are four thousand seats which sell from one dollar and a half to two dollars each. Board is three dollars and seventy-five cents a day on an average and no charge is made for less than two days. We arrived at night, stopped the next day and left the following morning. We had to pay for three days' board. I rented a cushion to sit on. There were several thousand to rent. The charge was twenty cents for the day. The cushion did not cost more than twenty-five cents. The play was repeated fifty-nine

My Travels Through Europe

times the past summer, beginning on June 16th, and ending September 25th, so that a cushion was a profitable investment for its owner. Immense quantities of wood carving and pottery ware were for sale and large quantities were sold. The total receipts for the past season are said to have been \$476,150.00. Several of the leading players received \$600 each. Some of the lesser lights received as low as \$30. About \$130,000 were turned over to the village to be used for its improvement. The play enacted at any other place would lose its sacredness as it would be for the sole purpose of making money. The next morning after we had seen the play, we bid good-bye to our host Annas, the high priest, and his family, and turned our faces toward Munich, feeling well repaid for the time and money spent in seeing the marvellous reproduction of the passion week as acted by the Bavarian peasants at Oberammergau.

CHAPTER X

We left Oberammergau at 8 a. m., on July 21, reaching Munich before noon. The afternoon was spent in driving around the city sight-seeing. In Munich began a transaction that was long drawn out. At Oberammergau I lost my spectacles, and although I happened to be near when a lady found them on the street, they had been stepped on, and one of the lenses broken. On our return to Munich, on July 21st, I left the glasses with an optician to have a new lens put in. He said it would be a day or two before he would have it completed. I paid him to mail them to me at Florence, Italy, where we would be ten days later.

My Travels Through Europe

When I reached Florence the glasses were not there. When I left I gave directions for them to be forwarded. I inquired along the road, but heard nothing from my glasses. At Paris and London I wrote to Munich and Florence, making inquiries, but heard nothing.

When I reached home I set out to get trace of these glasses. I wrote three times to Munich. At length I received word from there that they were duly forwarded to Florence. Three letters written to Florence finally brought word that the glasses arrived three days after I left and were forwarded to Genoa. I wrote to Genoa and after some weeks received word that the glasses were received and were forwarded to London. My courage began to rise. I wrote to London on Nov. 21st, and on Dec. 15th I received a letter from London saying they would look up the glasses, but the same mail brought the glasses from St. Ermin Hotel, where we stopped in London. December 16th brought a letter from London stating they had traced the glasses to the hotel and learned that they had been forwarded to me. I had spent forty cents in postage since my return in seeking those glasses.

In the morning we took the train for Botzen, in Austria, by way of Insbruck. It was a picturesque ride through the Tyrol mountains. Nothing of especial interest occurred. We arrived at Botzen by the middle of the afternoon, hired a carriage, and drove around the city. There were vineyards and grape vines in every direction. The old castle was an interesting object. A circular cliff, perhaps one hundred feet in diameter, rose on the banks of the river to a height of more than two hundred feet. On the top of this a huge stone castle had been built. A broad, deep ditch separated it from

My Travels Through Europe

the land across which ditch was a draw-bridge. The walls and towers abounded with port holes for shooting arrows. In front of the hotel at which we stopped, was a park or plaza. In the evening, chairs and tables were set out and vast throngs assembled to drink beer and wine, while a Tyrolean band discoursed sweet music.

Everywhere else we met many American tourists, but here we were somewhat off the regular line of travel, and were so gazed at by the inhabitants, that we felt we were taking our turn at being objects of curiosity.

In the morning, when I arose and looked out of the window on the street at the rear of the hotel, an interesting sight met my view. As far as I could see in either direction, the street was filled with carts and high piles of vegetables and eatables of many kinds. Women did most of the selling as well as the buying. I spent considerable time wandering around among the people viewing the fruits and vegetables. At noon all had disappeared. There was a large covered arcade near the hotel, with stores on either side, that came in for a good share of attention. The forenoon was spent in Botzen and after lunch we took the train for Venice. We had a wild, romantic ride through the mountains. Toward night there occurred the most violent thunder shower that I remember of having seen. The water came in the cars in torrents. It was so dark that one could scarcely see across the car. Our conductor said, "I believe we are in the river." We reached Venice after dark, went aboard a boat and were carried along the grand canal to the hotel at which we were to stop. It was within twenty feet of the Royal Palace.

It so happened that my wife and I were given the

My Travels Through Europe

best suite of rooms in a palatial hotel. They were royal in their splendor and magnificence, but I could not perceive that I slept any better than I did on the simple cot that sometimes fell to my lot. All night long the gondoliers were jabbering under our windows. We were told that Venice is built on eighty small islets separated from one another by canals. We were told that there were no horses in Venice, but there are upward of twelve thousand gondolas. If one wants to go from one place to another, instead of taking a carriage or car, he steps to the door and calls for a gondola. The gondola is a long, narrow boat, with a prow or front ending in a high toothed iron beak or stem. The gondolier stands in the stern and with long, graceful sweeps of his oar, sends his gondola gliding through the water with a slight swinging motion that appears to have the same effect upon one that a lullaby has upon a child. As the gondolas approach a cross canal the gondolier calls out in Italian, "Sia Stai!" ("Look out!") "Scia premi!" (Get out of the way to the right") or "Sta li" ("to the left.") At times we had narrow escapes from collision. The gondoliers handle the boats with marvelous skill and dexterity. The canals take the place of the promenade in towns on the land. The waters in the canals are dirty and sluggish and covered for the most part with a yellow and green scum. There are many things in Venice that the traveler would like to take away and bring home with him, but the odors of Venice are not among them. In the thirteenth century Venice was the foremost naval and commercial city in Europe and one of the richest cities in the world. Its ships brought from foreign countries the treasures of the world. It has passed through strange vicissitudes.

My Travels Through Europe

For a time it was a republic. Napoleon I made it a part of his Italian kingdom. After the peace of 1815, it was ceded to Austria. After the Prussian-Austrian war of 1866, it became a part of Italy and has so remained.

After a night's rest we started out sight-seeing. A short distance from our hotel was the piazza of San Marco, and as we entered it we saw the beautiful Byzantine church of San Marco before us with its glitter without and within in marble, gold and mosaics. Its main walls are of fine bricks of a rich red color that were made in Murano.

Five gilded domes rise skyward, and above the main entrance in the sole quadriga that has come down from ancient times. These four horses, cast in copper and once gilded, were brought from a triumphal arch in Constantinople in 1205, taken away by Napoleon to Paris in 1797, and restored to Venice in 1815.

There are five arched portals in the front of the church, with rich clusters of slender Gothic columns combined with richly sculptured decorations. We entered by the central arch, through two remarkable bronze doors, and saw on either side of the doorway four black and white marble columns said to have come from the Temple at Jerusalem. Over five hundred columns of porphyry and costly marbles are used to decorate the interior of the church.

At the end of the nave is the choir, which looks like a marble room with a screen of ancient columns, and above it a straight architrave, surmounted by fourteen statues representing St. Mark, the Virgin Mary, and the twelve apostles.

On the right of the church of San Marco is the

My Travels Through Europe

Palace of the Doges. It was built in the ninth century, but frequently destroyed by fire and rebuilt. The existing palace was begun in 1301 and completed about 1462. The design of the facades of the palace is very striking, and unlike that of any other building in the world. It consists of two stories with open colonnades, forming a long loggia on the ground and first floors, with seventeen arches on the sea front, and eighteen on the other facade. Above this is a lofty third story, pierced with pointed arches once filled with tracery, which is now lost.

The columns of the middle story support heavy tracery of the characteristic Venetian form. The whole of the upper story is faced with small blocks of fine Istrian and red Verona marbles, arranged in squares with a cross made of verde antico and other costly marbles in the center of each. Istrian stone of a beautiful cream or ivory color is used for the colonnades and for much of the beautiful sculpture.

On one side of the Palace of the Doges is the Piazzette, with its two columns, one a monolith of grey Egyptian granite brought from the Island of Scio in 1126, is surmounted by a bronze lion cast in Venice in 1128, and on the other of red Egyptian granite, was placed in 1329, a marble statue of St. Theodore.

On the left of the church of San Marco was the old palace converted into a municipal building. The first story of all the buildings around the Square of St. Mark except the church of St. Mark and the Palace of the Doges are used for stores and shops.

In St. Mark's Square, there were many thousands of pigeons, so tame that they will alight on one and eat out of their hand. Many old women are around the

My Travels Through Europe

edge of the square selling small bags of grain for a penny. People buy the bags of grain and feed them to the pigeons. Sometimes a dozen will alight on a person at one time.

In front of the Palace of the Doges is the modern Campanile, nearly completed, built to replace the old Campanile, which was begun as early as 888 A. D., and a few years ago crumbled and fell. The old one was said to be 316 feet high and 43 feet square at its base. The modern one is built of brick and owing to its ornamentation and decorated top it is more attractive than the chimneys to some of our great manufactures.

We went down into the prison cell under the palace, crossed the Bridge of Sighs, the famous Rialto bridge and wandered around the city in gondolas. One afternoon we visited seven of the palatine marble churches with their beautiful inside decorations. At this point some of the party struck and refused to visit any more churches.

One of the chief glories of Venice depends on its extensive use of the most beautiful and costly marbles and porphyries, which give a wealth of magnificent color such as is to be seen in no other city in the world. In early times none of these seem to have been obtained direct from the quarries, but from other buildings, either of Roman or early Byzantine date. Immense quantities of rich marbles were brought from the ruined cities of Herclia, Ravenna, Allinum, and especially Aquileia. Under the Roman Empire Aquileia contained great numbers of magnificent buildings decorated with marbles and porphyries from Greece, Numidia, Egypt and Arabia. The gorgeous churches

My Travels Through Europe

and palaces of the Byzantine emperors, enriched with rare marbles stolen from Greek and Roman buildings of classic times, were in their turn stripped of their costly columns and wall linings by the victorious Venetians.

Thus Venice became a wonderful storehouse in which were heaped the rich treasures accumulated throughout many previous centuries by various peoples. The principal varieties used in St. Mark's and in the palaces of Venice are, red and grey granite, Verde Antico, Oriental Alabaster, and Alabaster-like marbles with bluish amber-colored streakings and purple mottlings. The facades of the chief palaces of Venice down to the end of the fifteenth century, were wholly covered with these beautiful colored marbles, and besides, to make the splendor greater, gold and color, especially the costly ultramarine blue, were used lavishly.

On Tuesday, July 26th, we bade good-bye to beautiful Venice and turned our faces toward Florence. We had seen the stones of Venice so beautifully described by Ruskin. We had lingered in St. Mark's church with bated breath as we viewed the treasures of art described by Ruskin with such ravishing wealth of words and thought. With F. Hopkinson Smith we had enjoyed gondola days in Venice and had floated through the city viewing its wealth of marble churches and gorgeous palaces in a dreamy semi-trance, wondering if it was all real or whether we had been translated to a fairy land. As I recall the wandering in sunny Italy, with its marvelous wealth of art, I sometimes find myself wondering if after all it is not all a dream.

My Travels Through Europe

CHAPTER XI

At Verona some of our party visited the tomb of Romeo and Juliet, made famous by Shakespeare. At Venice we were shown what we were told was the home of Shylock. The ride from Venice to Florence was not through such romantic scenery as we saw in other parts of Europe. Railway travel in Italy is not especially pleasing to an American. Our conductor procured a compartment for our party and told us that we must look out for our seats or we would lose them. At one station where we were told that there would be a stop of thirty-five minutes, three of the ladies of our party opened the door of the car, and leaving their luggage in their seats, stepped out on the platform. They had barely left the car when two big Italians came into the car, threw the ladies' things out of their seats, took possession, refused to give them up in spite of vigorous protests.

On another occasion we went into the dining car to get our supper. The guard stood at the door of our compartment to keep it for us. Just as we were returning from our seats the train stopped at a station and a party of five opened the door on the opposite side from the guard and rushed into our compartment. While they were trying to put up the baggage our party got into the seats and then the storm broke. They yelled and shouted in Italian and made frantic gesticulations. The guide tried to reason with them and our conductor showed them our tickets and told them we

My Travels Through Europe

had been riding in those seats all day, but nothing would quiet them until they had tired themselves out in their storming.

On another occasion we had to change cars. A lady from New England was on the train with a suitcase as her only luggage. As she stepped off the train an Italian porter took her suitcase out of her hand, ran along with it and put it on a hotel 'bus. By means of violent protest with words and deeds, she got her suitcase. Then the Italian porter demanded pay for what he had done. The lady would not pay him as he had taken the case against her wish and protest. The Italian shrieked and raved worse than a lunatic. I thought bedlam had broken loose. I went out and inquired of our conductor the cause of the tumult and was told that the Italian was mad because the woman would not pay him. There is some advantage in not understanding the language used on such occasions, though there were several times during our trip when I regretted that I could not take part in the discussion.

We arrived in Florence after dark and put up at a hotel facing the great plaza, said to have once been a Roman race course. The next morning we started out with a local guide and for two days we were shown around the city. This guide was a University man, one of the old Tuscan nobility, and instead of having a little speech learned by heart to recite parrot-like, everywhere, he drew upon his own knowledge, and replied to all questions in the most perfect English.

Our itinerary included the Pitti palace, the Uffizi palace, the Bargello, the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campanile, the Palazzo Vecchio, Santa Croce church, the tombs of Michael Angelo and Galileo. We visited

My Travels Through Europe

these and many more places of interest.

The Bargello, or palace of the Podesta, is now used as the National museum. The Baptistery is especially interesting. It is octagonal in shape. About 1514, cracks began to appear in it and Michael Angelo caused it to be encircled with a heavy chain to hold it together and it stands to-day hooped with the huge chain. On this Baptistery are the famous bronze doors made by Ghiberti, between 1403 and 1452. It took Ghiberti nearly a lifetime to build these doors. They cost about a quarter of a million dollars.

The north one is divided into twenty-eight compartments or squares and each square represents scenes from the New Testament. The south door is divided into ten compartments representing 1, The Creation; 2, Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise; 3, Noah after the Flood; 4, Abraham about to sacrifice Isaac on the mountain; 5, Esau selling his birthright; 6, Joseph and his brothers; 7, Moses on Mount Sinai; 8, Joshua before Jericho; 9, David cutting off Goliath's head, and 10, the Queen of Sheba before Solomon. The supports and casings of the doors are ornamented with figures and profiles.

Michael Angelo said of these doors that they were beautiful enough to be used as the Gates of Paradise. The inside of the Baptistery is beautifully decorated with statues, paintings and mosaics. The Medici chapel is said to be unique in the world for its style and the richness of its decorations. It is incrustated with precious marbles and stones, some of which cannot be quarried to-day, as the supply is exhausted. It is only partially completed and it is not probable that it will ever be finished. We were told that the Medici spent twenty-

My Travels Through Europe

three million liras on this chapel, and from its appearance one may conclude that it would cost as much more to complete it. A lira is about twenty-five cents in our money. The bodies of the princes of the Medici are buried beneath the chapel. It is said that one of the ideas of the Medici in constructing this was to make it the most beautiful building in the world and to bring from Jerusalem the most precious relics and deposit them here. I do not vouch for all that we were told, but it is interesting to imagine that it is true. Michael Angelo spent his early years at Florence before he was called to Rome to superintend the building of St. Peter's and we saw many of his works.

It was interesting in some of the great galleries to observe the growth and development of the art of painting and sculpture. Men plodded along in the old channels until some great genius came on the stage and by the force of that genius lifted the art to a higher plane.

The same law holds good that is observed in nature and every other department of life. The Campanile does not stand in as conspicuous a place as the one in Venice, hence does not attract much attention.

The Santa Croce church is one of the old churches built in the thirteenth century and contains many beautiful decorations. We drove out on the hill overlooking the city and were shown the palace once owned by Leland Stanford. The marble fountain of Neptune was interesting. The Palace of Vecchio or Palace of Nobles was very beautiful with its wealth of paintings and decorations. There was so much crowded into the two days in Florence that my memory is somewhat confused about the things we saw and instead of two

My Travels Through Europe

days, two months would be scarcely long enough to thoroughly take in the city.

On the afternoon of July 28th, we regretfully turned our backs on Florence, and like Paul on his journey from the East, nearly nineteen hundred years before, "set our faces toward Rome."

CHAPTER XII

The one hundred and twenty-five mile ride from Florence to Rome was made without any special incident. When we were within a few miles of Rome, I chanced to look out of the car window and saw a great dome rising above everything else and knew that I saw the dome of St. Peter's, and was about to get my first view of the eternal city.

Arriving at the station and taking a carriage, the first thing that drew my attention was the remains of the great aqueduct that used to bring water to Rome in its palmy days, two thousand years ago. We crossed a square on which stood the column of Marcus Aurelius, one hundred and thirty-seven feet high, made of twenty-eight blocks of marble and crowned with a statue of St. Paul. Close by this was the hotel where we were to stop during our four days' sojourn. Only a few feet in front of my room in the hotel was an Egyptian obelisk, seventy-two feet high, originally erected at Heliopolis, six hundred years B. C. This was brought to Rome by Augustus, who was emperor in the time of Christ. Directly across the street from our hotel was the parliament house. After supper I went out in

My Travels Through Europe

front of the hotel and saw many men, women and children selling various articles. I inquired the price of the picture postal cards and was told that it was sixty cents for twenty. After considerable dickering I got the boy down to fifty cents and bought a bunch. Some one of our party came along with a pack just like mine which he had bought for twenty cents. After that I could buy all I wanted for twenty cents by telling the parties wanting to sell them that twenty cents was the price, and they would come down at once.

One night, a man wanted to sell me a pair of field glasses. He offered them for five dollars. I told him I had two pairs with me and did not want them. He kept coming down in the price and finally wanted me to make him an offer. I offered him two dollars. He professed to be indignant at such an offer, but after considerable gesticulation told me to take them, which I did, and paid him the two dollars. After my return home I showed them to a sea captain and told him what I paid. He wanted to buy them and offered me ten dollars, and said if I was not satisfied with that he would give me fifteen dollars. I sold them to him for ten dollars. I felt ashamed of myself because I had so cheated a friend, but afterwards he told me he had been offered thirty-five dollars for them and the load was lifted from my conscience.

Here again we were furnished with an unusually fine guide, S. Russell Forbes, Ph. D., Archaeological and Historical Lecturer on Roman Antiquities. He was an Englishman, but had lived in Rome for forty years, and had figured largely in the excavations and discoveries which are bringing ancient Rome to the light of today.

My Travels Through Europe

Rome was overthrown, destroyed and razed by the Goths and Huns about the fifth century, A. D. The Tiber, overflowing, covered the ruins with sediment, buildings were erected on this so that modern Rome stands about thirty feet above the level of ancient Rome, and as our guide said, is a strange mixture of narrow streets, open squares, churches, fountains, ruins, new palaces and dirt. We were taken around the excavations by our guide and shown the sites and ruins of the ancient palaces, the temples, and the forum. We saw the bema or platform upon which Mark Anthony pronounced his funeral oration over the body of Caesar and upon which Cicero denounced Catiline. Our thoughts went back to the school days when we were trying to read Roman history, Cicero's Orations, the Conspiracy of Catiline, Tacitus, Ovid, Juvenal and the many Roman authors that have been the bane of the school boy. My feelings welled up to the brim as I stood among the scenes made familiar by hard study long ago. And I found myself strongly inclined to raise my arm and shout, "Quosque abutere Catilina patientia."

One day we drove out over the Appian Way, and went down into the catacombs, where we saw the tombs of St. Cecelia and St. Sebastian. Forty-five cartloads of bones of Christians were taken from here when Rome was invaded by the Huns.

On another occasion we hired a carriage and drove out to the beautiful church of St. Paul's Without the Walls. The carriages in Rome have taximeters on them and the charge is regulated by law at so much per mile. On our way out to this church we had no guide or conductor to look after us. Some of the ladies in the carriage inquired at different times why the driver see-sawed back and forth across the road in-

My Travels Through Europe

stead of going straight ahead. A look at the taximeter when we reached our destination made the matter clear. We had to pay for nearly twice the distance that the driver could have charged if he had driven a straight course. We had arranged to go back another way. The driver demanded pay for his ride back. A compromise was effected. We often found in Italy that though we made a definite bargain for the hire of a carriage, at the end of the journey the driver demanded more pay. We sometimes caught the driver moving the hands of the meter ahead so that we would have to pay for more miles than we had ridden.

Our clever guide said the ancient Romans lived by plundering other nations; that the modern Romans obtain their living from plundering American travelers.

We visited the Pantheon, that incomparable edifice said to be one of the noblest and most perfect productions of Roman architecture. We lingered long in the Colosseum called by Byron "A noble wreck in ruinous perfection." It was originally nineteen hundred feet in circumference and one hundred and fifty-seven feet high. It was built by captive Jews after the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A. D. It had eighty seven thousand numbered seats. The arena was 273 feet long and 120 feet wide.

Here occurred gladiatorial contests and here Christians were thrown to the wild beasts. We could see the remains of the cages for the wild beasts under the floor of the arena. These cages were raised to the level of this floor by ropes and pulleys on the same principle as an elevator, when everything was ready to let the wild beasts into the arena.

We were shown through the Santa Giovanni in

My Travels Through Europe

Laterano, "The mother and head of the churches of the city and the world." We saw the Pope's chair or throne. I asked the guide if it would be wicked for me to sit in it. He said no. So I took my seat and occupied the Pope's throne for a few minutes. Back of this was the building containing the Scala Santa, or sacred stairs. They consist of twenty-eight marble steps and are claimed to be the identical stairs of Pilate's Palace, down which the Saviour was led after the mock trial and coronation in the Judgment Hall of Pilate. By crawling up these stairs on the knees a thousand years' indulgence is secured by those who believe. The stairs were covered with men and women creeping up, while we were there. The marble steps have been worn out and are now covered with boards.

While I stood watching the climbers a middle-aged man and his wife came up. The woman looked as if she would weigh nearly three hundred pounds. She was very solemn and the man urged her to get down on her knees and creep up the stairs. After a little while she knelt and started up the stairs. When she was fairly started her husband turned around, pointed to her, laughed and appeared to enjoy the scene very much. When I proposed to crawl up the stairs, a woman who tries to rule over me with a rod of iron, forbid my doing it.

Time and space would fail me to describe the many wonderful things we saw in Rome. We had been over the Appian Way, along which St. Paul traveled when he came to Rome. We had seen the arena where Christians were thrown to wild beasts, and the site of Caesar's circus, where St. Paul was beheaded. We had seen where Caesar was murdered, where the great Roman

My Travels Through Europe

orators had delivered their orations that have and will go down through the ages until time on this earth shall be no more.

At the Hague we were shown the Queen's palace with more than two hundred rooms. That seemed a large number for the accommodation of one person, but when we visited the Vatican and were told that it contained upward of eleven thousand rooms, our views were enlarged.

The grounds of the Vatican are surrounded by a wall eleven miles in extent. The gardens are very beautiful, abounding with flowers, trees and shrubbery. There are about six miles of walks within the wall. Here the Pope takes his exercise. He never goes outside and makes himself a voluntary prisoner for life within the walls. We were shown through the Vatican museum, which is one of the most marvelous collections in the world. Here is to be found the best of Roman and Grecian art. If one had the memory to recall and mention all that we saw here a lifetime would not be long enough to do so. The Vatican library is rich in its collection of rare books and manuscripts. The Gallery of Tapestry is a marvelous collection. The same is true of the mosaics, statues, paintings, sculptures and everything that the genius of man has produced through the ages to beautify the world.

The Sistine Chapel is celebrated for its paintings in fresco by Michael Angelo. Our guide told us that the best painters in Florence were engaged to decorate the walls of this chapel. After they had been at work on it for several months, Michael Angelo discharged them, wiped out what they had done, shut himself up in the chapel and at the end of twenty months disclosed

My Travels Through Europe

the miracle of art that is to be seen to-day. The roof or ceiling is flat and divided into nine compartments. Our guide told us that this roof is a flat surface and all the books describing it say the same thing. There appear to be large beams dividing it up into compartments and the figures seem to be raised and stand out from the surface like bas relief. Each compartment represents a Bible scene.

We were told that the figure of Eve in one of the compartments is considered the most perfect painting of the female form in existence. On the side walls are scenes from the life of Moses. On the end wall behind the altar is Michael Angelo's great fresco representing the Last Judgment. He was eight years painting this.

At the top is our Saviour with the Virgin seated on his right, above angels bearing the instruments of the Passion. On one side of our Lord are saints and patriarchs, and on the other, martyrs. Below, a group of angels, sounding the last trump, and bearing the books of judgment. On the other side is represented the fall of the condemned, with Charon ferrying them across the Styx, hitting the unruly over the head with his oars. The Pope's master of ceremonies complained to the Pope that Michael Angelo was painting all the figures nude. The Pope ordered them covered with drapery. Michael Angelo said: "Let the Pope reform the world and the pictures will reform themselves." To spite the master of ceremonies, who had caused the trouble, Michael Angelo painted him in the lowest hell. The master of ceremonies was very wroth when he saw this and requested the Pope to have his figure removed. The Pope said no, he could not release one from hell. If he were in purgatory he could pray him out, but when

My Travels Through Europe

one was once in hell, there he must remain and so we saw the poor master of ceremonies as Michael Angelo had painted him.

One of the party suggested that perhaps the Pope had his own troubles with the meddlesome chamberlain, and may have been enjoying his own little joke.

Very few things that I saw on my trip made a stronger impression on my memory than the wonderful decorations of the Sistine Chapel. It impressed me with the wonderful genius of Michael Angelo. He had studied painting as a young man, but had turned aside from that and devoted his life to architecture, and yet when an old man, sixty years old, he had taken up the brush and with it wrought this masterpiece that has never been equaled before or since.

CHAPTER XIII

St. Peter's church is called the chief glory of modern Rome, and is built upon the site of the Basilica of St. Peter, erected in the time of Constantine. Tradition claims that this basilica held the body of St. Peter. After enjoying the veneration and tributes of all Christendom during eleven centuries, the walls of the old basilica began to give way, and Pope Nicholas V. decided to take down the old structure and erect a more magnificent one in its place. It was first projected in 1450 and was completed in about one hundred and fifty years. It occupied the attention and absorbed much of the income of eighteen pontiffs. Many of the most celebrated architects in the world at that time were employed. Michael Angelo, for a large part of

My Travels Through Europe

his life was engaged in the erection of this wonderful structure. It cost sixty million dollars which, owing to the cheap price of labor at that time, would represent a far greater value. One of the attendants told us that it cost thirty thousand francs a year to make repairs on it.

Its interior dimensions were given by our guide as follows: Length 613 1-2 feet; height of nave 152 1-2 feet; width of nave, 87 1-2 feet; width of aisles, 33 3-4 feet; length of transept, 446 1-2 feet; interior diameter of cupola, 139 feet; height of cupola, 179 feet; height above floor, 277 feet; the height from the pavement to base of lantern, 440 feet. The building covers an area of about six acres. The vestibule is 468 feet in length, fifty feet in breadth and 66 feet high.

On entering the church everything is in such harmony that one does not realize the size. Our guide told us to stand at the entrance while he advanced to two cherubs by one of the pillars. They looked like little images about three feet high, but when the guide reached them he looked like a dwarf beside them. They were eight feet high, and large in proportion.

Everything that wealth and the hand of man can produce to decorate and adorn this church, has been lavished upon it. In one part of the building is a bronze statue of St. Peter. The toes and part of the feet of this representation of St. Peter are worn off by being kissed by the faithful. Our guide told us that it was not the kissing that wore away the foot, but that nearly everyone who performed this rite wiped the foot with a handkerchief or a sleeve and it was the wiping that wore away the bronze. At one place is a column with an inscription stating that it is the column against which the Saviour leaned when he disputed with the doctors

My Travels Through Europe

in the temple.

The number of ancient relics in this church is truly marvelous. We nowhere saw the hoe that Adam used in the Garden of Eden, but I should not have been surprised to have had it pointed out to me at any time. The frescoing, mosaics, paintings and sculpture, are truly wonderful. Hours were spent in wandering around this church gazing at its marvelous beauty. Some one has said of it that as you enter, "The most extensive hall ever constructed by human art expands in magnificent perspective before you."

I had heard and read about it all my life and permitted my imagination to run rampant about it, but I was not prepared to see such marvellous beauty and symmetry and wealth of decoration as I saw in this church, which may well be regarded as one of the wonders of the world. Memory and time would fail me to give more than a faint, brief description of it. The time came all too soon when we were compelled to turn our backs on this city, once the mistress of the world, and set our faces northward toward Pisa, with its leaning tower and ancient cathedral. As we bade good-bye to Rome we felt inwardly as did the other person who said: "Among all the many beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall, this one hung high above them all."

We reached Pisa after dark and enjoyed a good night's rest. Pisa was once a powerful city with half a million inhabitants, but from various causes has dwindled down to about twenty-eight thousand.

The cathedral and the baptistery at Pisa are interesting structures, but the leaning tower is the chief attraction. It is one hundred and seventy-nine feet

My Travels Through Europe

high and fifty feet in diameter. According to the latest measurements it leans about seventeen feet out of the perpendicular. We had taken carriages in the morning and driven through the streets to the great park or plaza, where the tower stands. As we came out on this plaza and saw this great tower glistening in the clear Italian atmosphere, expressions of surprise were uttered. The tower is built of polished marble. Each story except the upper one has thirty marble pillars surrounding it. The carving is very beautiful and its architectural splendor is remarkable. The walls are thirteen feet thick at the base. A winding stairway leads to the top, to which some of the party climbed.

Pisa is partially surrounded with mountains full of marble quarries, chief among them the celebrated Carrara marble. Here is said to be the largest establishment in the world for ornamental marble working. Several of the party made purchases. The madame that had me under her protecting care purchased a piece of Carrara marble statuary called "The Shell Girl," with a pedestal of Siena marble, and ordered it sent to the steamer at Liverpool, upon which we were to return. When we arrived in Liverpool, several weeks later, we could get no trace of the purchase. Just as the lines were being cast off a man came up to me as I was standing by the rail, asked my name and said that he was a representative of the American Express Company. That a box had been forwarded from Italy through the company to me at Liverpool, but by some strange oversight it had been sent from Liverpool to Montreal, Canada, by way of Glasgow, and that by calling at the New York office of the express company we could learn about it. When we arrived in New York

My Travels Through Europe

this box was put on our custom-house declaration as lost. We were told that it was not likely that any duty would be charged on it, because we had not exceeded the two hundred dollars we were supposed to bring into the country. A call at the New York office of the express company elicited the fact that they had already learned of the mistake of the Liverpool office. They assured us that it would be all right, and that we would receive the box in due time. About three months later the expressman brought it to our door, with a bill of forty-two dollars express charges with a claim for a fifty per cent. duty besides. The person who bought it refused to receive it and pay charges, so the expressman took it away. After many weary weeks of diplomatic correspondence the express company took from its bill the charge for transportation from Liverpool to New York, by way of Montreal, charging express only from Pisa to Liverpool, as if it had not been for their mistake it would have come on the boat with us as part of our baggage. This made the charge less than one-half the original bill. This was paid as well as the fifty per cent. duty, and the marble shell girl was delivered, and now stands as a monument commemorating mistakes, red tape and folly, though the madame says that in spite of all this, she could not replace it in New York for twice the whole amount it cost.

CHAPTER XIV

From Pisa we continued our journey northward to Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus. During this journey we passed through eighty-five tunnels through

My Travels Through Europe

the rocks along the Mediterranean sea. One of the first objects that met our view as we came out of the station was the huge monument erected to the memory of Columbus.

Genoa is now the first commercial city in Italy, particularly for shipping. It is built on the side of a hill sloping up from the gulf, and looks as if the houses in any one of the upper rows might be built on the roofs of those below. It is a place where we saw no beggars, and where the noble families had given much for the city. One had given \$20,000,000 to improve the harbor, (there is much shipping), several had given their estates to the city, as near relatives were dead. Some had given asylums for the blind, others built homes for orphans, for old men, for old women. In Campo Santo these philanthropic people were honored by having beautiful tombs.

The most interesting thing in the city, to me, was this Campo Santo or cemetery. It is in the form of a hollow square. Around the outside is a marble arcade twenty or more feet wide. The back is solid marble as well as the roof, the front facing the inside of the square is open, with round, polished marble pillars a few feet apart all the way round, supporting the roof. The poorer people are buried in the open square and the wealthy people are buried in the arcade. At least their monuments are erected there. On the end where we entered was a coarse fresco or painting on the wall representing the last judgment. In the centre was a great bowl with flames blazing up and the devil standing by with his cloven hoof, horns on his head and a long tail, with a three pronged fork, pitching the wicked into the flames. In one place the painting represented the

My Travels Through Europe

devil having hold of one end of the person and angels having hold of the other end and the devil and angels were struggling for possession. On one side of the burning cauldron was paradise with its flowers and everything possible to represent joy, peace and happiness, and on the other side was the representation of hell with its snakes, monsters and attendant horrors and torments.

There are hundreds of beautiful marble monuments in the arcade intended to represent the deceased person or phases of his or her life. One I recall as representing a beautiful thought. A mother had lost six little children. After her death this monument was erected. On the outside of the arcade was an open grave with a full-sized marble coffin, the cover of which was moved aside and the mother was rising from the coffin with her eyes fixed on the opposite side of the arcade, where her six little children as cherubs with wings were coming out of the heavens to meet and greet her. The expressions that can be represented on faces of marble were wonderful to me.

There was another monument, a story of which impressed me. A very poor man with a large family of children had a very wealthy uncle who was a priest. At one time the poor man was out of work and his children were suffering from hunger. The poor man went to his uncle, the rich priest, and tried to borrow some money. The priest rebuked him and refused to help him. Sometime afterwards the priest died suddenly the poor nephew inherited all his vast wealth. He took satisfaction by having a marble monument erected representing himself as a grand nobleman surrounded with wealth sitting in a large armed

My Travels Through Europe

chair with the priest under his feet.

These are only two of the many marble monuments in this Campo Santo that are intended to represent phases of life and death. We were told that this was the most beautiful cemetery in the world and I could readily believe it.

We visited the Municipio, the Church of the Annunciation, the Palazzo or Palaces of Bianco with their wonderful art treasures. In due time we took the train for Milan. The heat, smoke and dust and gas were fearful. We were glad when we reached Milan, just at night and were able to breathe pure air. Milan is a city of five hundred thousand inhabitants in the center of the rich Lombard plain. I took a stroll in the evening and had my first glimpse of the cathedral.

The next morning we started out with a guide and our first visit was to the magnificent Gothic Cathedral, said to be the third largest in Europe. It is 477 feet long, 183 feet wide and 155 feet high. It contains 6,000 statues, a pavement of marble mosaics, vast granite monoliths, beautiful stained glass windows and many tombs of magnates.

Our guide said that there were two thousand spires and pinacles on the outside and fifteen hundred bronze and marble statues. Our guide book told us that there were upward of two thousand life size marble statues. We did not count them to see which was correct. Inside were life size silver statues of saints.

We were told that this cathedral was about 150 years in building. A nobleman gave the marble material and the labor alone on the cathedral cost one hundred and fifteen million dollars. There are fifty-two marble pillars supporting the roof, each twelve feet in

My Travels Through Europe

diameter and more than one hundred feet high.

A short distance from the cathedral is the Victor Emanuel Gallery, the finest arcade in the world. It is 960 feet long, 48 feet wide and 94 feet high, and cost one million six hundred thousand dollars.

We also visited the Santa Maria delle Grazie to see Leonard de Vinci's grand fresco of the Last Supper. Of all the paintings of the Last Supper, made by many of the most famous artists, and now to be seen in cathedrals, churches and art galleries, this stands at the head. Napoleon used the refectory, on the wall of which this picture is to be seen, as a stable for horses, and the soldiers cut away the lower part of the picture and disfigured it. Copies of it are seen in many art galleries. The Last Supper in the Passion Play at Oberammergau was modeled after this picture.

After viewing the palaces, art galleries and churches, we left on the afternoon train for Lausanne, Switzerland, by way of the Simplon tunnel through the mountains. This tunnel is twelve and one-third miles long and it takes twenty-two minutes for the train to go through it. Near the entrance the locomotive is changed for an electric engine, so there is no smoke or gas in the tunnel. At one point in the tunnel we were told that we were seven thousand feet below the surface of the earth, which means that the top of the mountain under which we were passing, was seven thousand feet above us.

We reached Lausanne in the evening during a heavy rainfall. In this city Gibbon wrote part of his history and Calvin held famous debates. We visited the cathedral and museum and other objects of interest, but cared little for them as we were nearing Paris with its Louvre,

My Travels Through Europe

Notre Dame, Versailles and other places about which we had been hearing from our first start in Europe. We would see paintings or statuary all along our route and be told the original was in the Louvre or that this was the original and that there was a very fine copy in the Louvre.

On the afternoon of Friday, August 5, we bade good-bye to Lausanne and Switzerland, and set our faces toward Paris, which we reached in the evening. After a night's rest we took carriages, and with a local guide, started out sight-seeing. We found that Paris sustained its reputation for cleanliness. It is easier to find the way around in Paris than in any other city that we visited, because it is laid out more regularly, and the streets are very wide and straight.

Our hotel was on a short street, at one end of which was the garden of the Tuileries, and at the other was "The Madeleine," the most beautiful edifice in Paris. Not far away was the Column Vendome, the Louvre and many other places of note. Along the river Seine we could see the marks of the flood of the spring before when many of the streets along the river were navigable and were used as canals. Cab service appears to be good in Paris and the rates as fixed by law are not high, but the tips exhaust the spare change. Custom has made these obligatory. They are twenty-five cents for any distance, no matter how short, and two francs or forty cents an hour. After midnight the tips are fifty cents an hour. I missed all the night scenes of which we read so much, for our trip was very strenuous and I made it a rule to retire at nine p. m., and to rise at 7 a. m. In that way I managed to endure the journey without suffering much from fatigue.

My Travels Through Europe

Our guide in Paris claimed to be a younger son of a distinguished family. He had lived fast and had spent his fortune and was then compelled to work. He taught in England and later became a guide. He claimed to be able to speak eight languages, but with it all he had not learned to use tact in conducting a party.

We spent four days sight seeing in Paris, visiting Notre Dame Cathedral, the Pantheon, the Bastille, the Palace of Justice and many other places of interest. One day the guide took us through the Louvre. We were told that the pictures and paintings in the Louvre would reach thirty miles if laid in a single row. The collection of statuary, ancient relics and works of art, are wonderful in their extent and magnificence. Several times I wandered through the Louvre alone. It is built in the form of a hollow square with the galleries on all four sides. It contains the finest Egyptian collection in Europe. It has many of the best works of art, both modern and ancient, to be found in the world. The statue of Venus, called the Venus de Milo, from Milo, the place where it was found, is said to be the admiration and the model of every art student. We had seen at Florence the Venus de Medici, at the Vatican the Venus de Vatican, and here was the third and finest of the three famous masterpieces of art.

One day we drove out to Versailles, about eleven miles from the city, once a royal palace, but now a famous national museum and art gallery. An afternoon was spent in wandering through this historic structure. At the south wing of the palace is the orangery, said to contain fourteen hundred orange trees. To the west are the beautiful gardens of Versailles. We saw the

My Travels Through Europe

playing of the great fountains. The places where great historic events and scenes occurred were pointed out to us. We visited the Bastile, or the spot where it stood. We saw the Eifel Tower, 984 feet high, to the top of which some of the party ascended in the lift. The new Hotel de Ville is said to be the finest Renaissance building in the world.

On our first day in Paris we drove out to the tomb of Napoleon. This magnificent memorial is placed in the church of the Invalides, which is divided into two parts, viz., the church of St. Louis and the Dome.

The church contains flags and trophies captured by Napoleon. Immediately beneath the dome is a circular crypt, 36 feet in diameter and 20 feet deep. The walls are of polished granite adorned with marble reliefs and the effect is augmented by the flood of golden light admitted through the stained windows. At the bottom is a mosaic pavement representing a wreath of laurel and from it arises the sarcophagus, which contains the remains of Napoleon.

There are several monuments and the sarcophagi of Jerome Bonaparte and Joseph Bonaparte. I did not take off my hat when I entered the dome. I had not gone far when a tall, savage-looking Frenchman, adorned with a cockade hat, large plume, belt, sword and gilt lace, having a long moustache with the ends waxed and pointing to his ears, bellowed at me. I understood the word "chapeau" and doffed my hat. The fierce Frenchman thereupon appeared to return to a normal condition. Bonaparte is held in high veneration by the inhabitants of France, but in other countries that he plundered and devastated, and whose inhabitants he butchered by the hundreds of thousands to

My Travels Through Europe

gratify his morbid ambition, there is a different feeling towards him. It is to be hoped that with the advance in civilization and humanity since his day, the world will never again see a man of his kind. He caused the slaughter of more than a million innocent men to gratify a base, sordid ambition.

CHAPTER XV

At the Hague we saw the beautiful hall of Peace being erected by the munificence of Carnegie for a meeting place of the Court of Arbitration, which it is to be devoutly hoped will be able by and with the consent of all nations to settle all international difficulties by arbitration and not by the butchery of innocent men.

On Wednesday, August 10, we took the afternoon train for Boulogne, where we embarked on the steamer for Folkestone, England. I had read and heard that nearly everyone who crossed the English Channel must be seasick. We sailed through the English Channel on our way over and crossed it on our way back, but I never saw anyone seasick. On the way across the channel there was a gale of wind and a rough sea, but our long, sharp steamer headed directly into the waves and cut through them with a scarcely perceptible jar or roll, although the water came over the deck. The passage took only a little more than two hours and we landed on Old England's shore about nine o'clock in the evening.

Landing at Folkestone we took the train for London and arrived at Charing Cross station about 10 p. m.

My Travels Through Europe

Charing Cross is sometimes called the "Hub of London." Its name is historic. When Edward I. removed the coffin of his Queen Eleanor to Westminster, at every place where the coffin was set down a Gothic cross was erected. The ninth and last place where the coffin rested was at the little village of Charing or Cheering—hence the name, Charing Cross. The cross was removed in 1647 by order of the parliament. A modern reproduction of it stands in front of the railway station.

We were taken to the St. Ermin Hotel, where we were to stay for the four days allotted to London. It was the best hotel we had patronized during our trip. It was refreshing to be in a place where we could understand most that was said. The Cockney English was as difficult for us to understand as the Italian or Dutch.

The next morning we took carriages and with a local guide started out to see something of the city. Our hotel was near St. James Park, Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey and the Parliament House. We were told that the Parliament House is 960 feet long. We went through from one end to the other with a vast crowd consisting for the most part of American tourists. There was such a jam that we had to keep moving.

I was disappointed with Westminster Abbey. I had expected to see a beautiful structure. Instead I saw an old-time, worn structure, one part of which is crumbling with age and is not being repaired. In the main hall we saw the busts of many of England's famous men and among them that of our own Longfellow. Slabs in the floor marked the burial places of England's distinguished dead. An attendant took us through one end of the building, where are the tombs of most of the early English Kings. They are all old and

My Travels Through Europe

musty and uninteresting as works of art, but their great interest is in the lives of the men whose last resting place they mark and the history they made.

One afternoon we attended service in the Abbey. I was interested in the boy choir. I sat behind them, so I could not see their faces and was surprised when I learned that they were boys and not women who were singing.

Another surprise came to me when we visited the Tower of London. I had expected to see a tower and nothing else. When we crossed the moat and entered the gate through the wall, we found ourselves in an irregular five sided lot, containing eighteen acres with the wall around it nearly three quarters of a mile long. It is used as a play ground and for military drill. We were told that two thousand persons lived within the walls. It has been used as a fortress, a palace and a prison. Here are kept the crown jewels, and in this tower were murdered King Edward V, and his brother, the Duke of York. Here were imprisoned Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, the Duke of Monmouth, Sir Walter Raleigh and many other noblemen and women, noble not only by birthright, but by the lives they lived and the things they accomplished. There is much of English history closely connected with the Tower of London, over which a veil should be drawn and the cruel, bloody deeds covered thereby, forgotten.

We saw, from the outside, the Bank of England, Trafalgar Square, the Law Courts, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's Cathedral, Buckingham Palace, London Bridge, Fishmonger's Row, Cheapside and scores and perhaps hundreds of places about which we had heard and read. We saw the "Old Curiosity Shop" and

My Travels Through Europe

bought some trinkets there. We visited the National Gallery, the Tate Gallery, the Wallace Collection, the British Museum, Hyde Park and places too numerous to mention or even to remember. The Wallace Collection is remarkable in several respects.

We were told that George Wallace, (if that was his first name) inherited a large collection of paintings, old armor, ancient weapons, and statuary from noble relatives. That he was ambassador to France at the time of the Franco-Prussian war and that in the wreck that followed the occupation of Paris by the German army, he secured a vast amount of treasures of art that were in the French capital. When he died, he gave everything to his wife and when she died, not having any immediate heirs, she gave the collection to the city of London. It is said that a moderate estimate of the value of this collection is forty million dollars.

In one of the galleries of painting, we saw a portrait of a woman for which the gallery paid three hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The British Museum is of comparatively recent date, having originated in 1753 and the present building was not completed until about 1847, but it contains one of the most remarkable collections in the world. Our guide book told us that it would require a life time to become acquainted with all the contents of this vast national store house. Our English guide said England's way had always been when she saw anything that she wanted she took it. Everything in this vast gallery is so well classified and arranged that one has little difficulty in finding what he wants to see.

In the manuscript room we saw the early manuscripts of the Bible dating back to the third or fourth

My Travels Through Europe

century. I was interested in seeing the famous Rosetta stone which gave the key to deciphering the Egyptian hieroglyphic cuneiform characters, many specimens of which can be seen in most art galleries. We saw the Roman room, the Greek room, the Ephesian, the Egyptian, the Babylonian, the Macedonian, the Chinese, the Japanese, the Medieval, the Prehistoric and scores of rooms. In one room we saw an article claimed to be upward of seven thousand years old. In another room were scores of Egyptian mummies. In one room are many figures executed by Phidias, the Greek sculptor. It would take hours to mention the different things we saw that linger in the memory and there were tens of thousands of objects of great interest that memory cannot retain. All parts of the world, ancient and modern, have contributed to this wonderful collection..

We were shown the houses of many of England's great noblemen, but we did not see any of the distinguished lords, at least I did not see any person that appeared to be above the average.

In London we visited the great Japanese exhibition. In one place we saw a dog cemetery, where highly-prized dogs were buried. There were elaborate monuments at some of the graves with epitaphs in prose and poetry inscribed to good dog Tray or some other dog.

After four days of wandering about London, we took the train for Warwick, with its famous castle, once the home of the great Earl of Warwick, known as the king maker.

On this ride we had our own private car so did not have trouble in retaining our seats. The fields were green and appeared to be largely used for grazing. Cows were to be seen in every direction. We were told

My Travels Through Europe

that this was accounted for by the fact that London contained eight million of people and that it took a great deal of milk to supply that number. At Warwick we took a stage ride out into the country. We obtained admittance into the grounds and castle by the payment of fifty cents each. There appeared to be hundreds there at the same time, so that the old castle is revenue producing. The Avon river bounds it on one side and the three other sides are enclosed with huge stone walls, twenty or more feet high. The enclosure is entered by a huge castle gate with its port-cullis. The moat and drawbridge have disappeared. Huge circular towers some eighty feet high, with numerous port holes, are on either side of the gate.

The grounds are laid out with well kept walks and flower beds. The castle is inhabited and is said to be the best kept and preserved old feudal castle in England. It contains a fine collection of old armor, instruments of warfare and choice paintings and furniture.

We met one American traveler, who said this castle was the finest thing he had seen in Europe.

CHAPTER XVI

One evening, as I stood on the sidewalk, in front of the hotel, a well-dressed, well-spoken young man came up to me and with an apology, told me his story. He said he was a draughtsman and came to England from Australia seven months before, with six hundred pounds, or three thousand dollars in his pocket. He had lived fast and spent all his money and now could

My Travels Through Europe

not get work and was walking to Liverpool, where he hoped to get a chance to work his passage back to his native place. He said he had eaten nothing since the day before. He had tramped all day and had tried at several places to get work to pay for a meal, but had failed in every instance. He said he was well brought up and was ashamed to beg, but he was in dire necessity for food. He seemed sincere and I took him along the street until we found an eating house, into which we went and I told the landlady to give the man a good meal and I would pay for it.

Afterwards I was not certain whether or not I had done a good deed. One morning, in London, as I was walking along the street, a young man came up to me and said he came to the city three weeks before in search of work, but had not been able to get employment and his money was all gone. He had eaten nothing since the day before and had walked the streets all night, not being able to obtain lodgings. After some questioning I took him to an eating house and fed him.

In the afternoon of the same day, I was walking along the same street, when a seedy-looking man came up to me and begged for food and money. I said, "I fed one man here to-day." He said, "I know it and I want you to help me." I replied, "One a day is my limit." He followed me some distance, insisting that I give him something and it was not until I began to look for a policeman that he left me. London was the only city the policemen in which seemed to be for use and not for ornament.

In the crowded streets of London, the policemen appeared to be in control. When a policeman raises his hands, all traffic stops and none of the carriages or

My Travels Through Europe

trucks move until permission is given. The policemen stand in the middle of the streets, in sight of each other and are very courteous to all seeking information. At least, that was my experience.

The people do not appear to be in as much of a hurry in London as in New York, hence the policemen have more time to attend to their duties.

From Warwick we went to Stratford on Avon, the home of Shakespeare. We went through the house where he was born and saw the large collection of Shakespeare relics that have been collected and are on exhibition.

The home has been restored and repaired, but is kept in its original form. We went out into the garden where, as a boy, Shakespeare is supposed to have played. We visited the old church or cathedral where he probably worshipped, saw the tablets and memorial erected to his memory, the slab marking his last resting place, the house where he is supposed to have lived in his later years, and many other things connected with the various years of his life.

After lunch we took carriages and drove out about two miles to the Ann Hathaway cottage, where Shakespeare did his courting. It is a rude structure, preserved as it was when Shakespeare did his sparking. Here too, are a lot of relics dating back to the maidenhood days of her, who afterwards became Mrs. Shakespeare. We returned to Warwick and spent the night there. I had become so accustomed to the noise and tumult on the boat and in the cities we visited that it lulled me to sleep so that I slept better than at home. At night, in Warwick, after we had retired, there was no sound, not even a cricket chirped. It was so quiet that I could

My Travels Through Europe

not sleep and by reason of the silence, I had the poorest night's sleep of my whole trip.

From Warwick we took the train for Birmingham, where carriages were awaiting us. We rode around the city for about two hours and saw some of the interesting things in this great manufacturing city, then the train was taken for Edinburgh, the chief city of Scotland. Our ride up through the hills of Scotland was not far different from our many other rides. We saw the Scotch heather. The hills were covered with sheep, the raising of which appeared to be the chief industry.

The ruins of Melrose Abbey were pointed out to us and other places of interest. In the latter part of the afternoon we reached Edinburgh. We climbed several flights of stairs before we emerged from the station, out upon Princess street, claimed to be one of the most beautiful streets in the world.

There is an enormous ravine running through the city and the railroad is at the bottom of this ravine. The hotel where we stopped was just across from the station, on Princess street. A stone's throw below our hotel stands Sir Walter Scott's monument. At each corner of a twenty-foot square is a pillar or leg, about thirty feet in height, the four pillars unite and the tower rises upon these. Within the space formed by the four pillars is a large marble statue of Scott, in a sitting position. This monument is unique in its design. It stands at the side of the street with no other structure near it.

The next day we took carriages and toured the city. Our first visit was to the Castle. A huge crag, upward of three hundred feet in height, juts out into the great ravine and on the top of this is Edinburgh Castle. It is

My Travels Through Europe

a mighty structure, and looks as if it might have been impregnable when it was built. There was much of interest to be seen within its walls.

From here we drove to St. Giles' church, where John Knox preached. We were shown the slab covering the spot where he was buried. Inside the church is a life-sized bronze statue of Knox. Just outside the church we were shown a representation of a heart carved on the stone and were told that it was the heart of Midlothian, indicating the geographical center of the county of Midlothian. Inside the church we were shown a tablet to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson.

Leaving the church we were taken to the house where John Knox lived, and stood in the window from which many a time he had preached for hours to the crowds in the square below. It is in a poor part of the city and is a cheap, crude, homely affair. The doors are low so that I had to stoop to enter them. Inside the house trinkets of many kinds were sold. From John Knox's house we went to Holyrood Palace.

The room in which Darnley was murdered appeared to attract the most attention. The castle is in a somewhat dilapidated condition and were it not for the stirring events of the past enacted within its walls, it would attract very little attention. We took a stage and rode eleven miles out to the great bridge across the Forth. It is said to be the largest bridge in the world. There are many monuments in the city to perpetuate the names of its distinguished citizens.

It is an interesting city and our regret was that we did not have more time to spend in it. But all things must come to an end and on the morning of August

My Travels Through Europe

19th, we took the train for Liverpool. An all day's ride across Scotland and England landed us at night in Liverpool, early enough to give us a little time to ride around the city.

We rode about the city to some extent in the evening, and the next morning we looked up our steamer. We were to return on the steamer *Baltic*, a vessel of about twenty-four thousand tons and more than seven hundred feet in length. We were not allowed to go aboard the boat until twelve-thirty p. m., and she was to sail at two. At that time we went aboard the vessel and found our room. At 2 o'clock the *Baltic* was warped out into the river to allow the *Mauretania* to berth at the same dock. We moved about a mile down the river and anchored, waiting for the tide to rise.

At about seven p. m., we started on our trip across the ocean. The next morning, when we arose, we were in the Irish Sea. There was a heavy swell and a considerable number were seasick. At about ten o'clock we reached Queenstown, where a large number came off in smaller boats and joined us.

About noon we passed out by Daunt's Rock and had the broad ocean before us. The steamer was crowded and our quarters cramped and uncomfortable as compared with our room on the passage over.

We had a smooth, pleasant passage. There was a fairly good library aboard and I spent much of the time reading. I read on an average a book of five hundred pages each day. One day there were athletic contests. One evening a concert was given.

Every day, at noon, a chart was posted up showing how many miles we had sailed in the past twenty-four hours and our position in the ocean. At length as we

My Travels Through Europe

came out on deck in the morning we could see Long Island and the Jersey coast and we knew that we were near home. A pilot came aboard, and custom house officials were taken on the steamer. The health officer boarded us and after the usual formalities we proceeded up New York harbor.

Once on the wharf we met friends and saw the first familiar faces, with one exception, that we had seen since we left Philadelphia the preceding June. It was refreshing to be again among a people whose language and customs were familiar to us.

I hunted up the customs officials and asked to have my baggage examined. I was told to get it together in the part of the building designated by the letter S and a man would be detailed. When I had collected it and notified the official he sent a man to inspect it. He had my declaration that I had been obliged to make soon after we left Liverpool; it having been taken down the bay by the customs officials who boarded us there. The man detailed for us was very courteous. He asked me if everything I had purchased abroad was on my declaration. I said yes, as far as I knew, except a watch crystal which I paid twelve cents for in Munich. I opened each piece of baggage. He put his hand in it apparently to see if there were false bottoms in the trunks or suitcases, and passed them. It was all over in two or three minutes.

There might have been thousands of dollars' worth of articles in our luggage that would not have been discovered by his examination, but there was nothing above what we were allowed to bring into this country.

Each passenger is allowed to bring in one hundred dollars' worth of goods. Mrs. Adriance, who attempted

My Travels Through Europe

to smuggle in a very expensive necklace of pearls, came over on the same boat that we did, and her experience with the customs officials was not as pleasant as ours.

In nine different countries in Europe we encountered custom house officials and in every instance our treatment was very courteous.

Our baggage attended to we went out on the streets of New York City. I felt as Judge Bartlett, of our Court of Appeals expressed himself on one occasion. He had been spending the winter in Porto Rico and on his return I crossed on the same steamer with him from Havana to Miami, Fla. As we stepped off the boat at Miami and stood on American soil, Judge Bartlett straightened up and said, "I am glad to be in God's own country again."

We took the afternoon train and that night slept in our Long Island home. We had started out on the 23rd day of ~~August~~ *June*. We had been well all the time. We had seen most of the best and greatest works of both art and nature in Europe and had seen and enjoyed what will be a pleasure and delight to remember and recall during the years of life that remain. Before the trip I had discussed with others which would be worth the most to me, an automobile or a trip to Europe. After the return there was no more doubt. To one interested in seeing and learning both of the present and of the past of this old world upon which we live, such a trip is worth more and will give far more lasting pleasure than an automobile.

I came back entirely satisfied with my home land and with a keen appreciation of the good sense of my ancestors who, two hundred and fifty years ago, migrated from Europe to New England. I saw no

My Travels Through Europe

place in all my travels where a man can live as well and comfortably and enjoy life and the benefits of civilization and education, as well as he can on Long Island.

And now my abridged and hastily written account of my trip has run through twenty-four issues of our local weekly paper. It has been very gratifying to me to be assured by both words and by letters that the description has afforded pleasure to many and one of the best wishes I can make is that all the readers could take the trip and enjoy it as much as I did.

GEORGE F. STACKPOLE.

My Western Trip

On the morning of September 27 I took the 6.27 train for a ten thousand mile trip. Close train connections at New York and Buffalo landed me on the 8.50 P. M. train over the Wabash Railroad for St. Louis. The next day we passed a gang of men engaged in burning the remains of the wreck of the previous Tuesday, when nearly a dozen lives were lost and forty more were severely injured, all caused by a misplaced switch.

We arrived at St. Louis at 4 P. M., two hours late, caused largely by the fact that our train was so long

My Western Trip

that the boat at Detroit could not take all the cars across at one time. A pouring rain compelled us to remain in the depot during the four and one-half hours' wait for the train that was to take us to San Antonio, Texas.

We left St. Louis at 8.30 P. M., on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad. The next morning, at 7.20, we took breakfast at Parsons, Kan., the best meal in quantity, quality and manner of serving that I had ever seen at a railroad station. Dinner, served at McAllister's, Indian Territory, was equal to Griffin's best.

We crossed the Red River and entered Texas about 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Through Indiana, Kansas and the Indian Territory we had seen vast fields of wheat and corn. After we entered Texas there was more cotton. At times we rode through fields of cotton extending in every direction as far as the eye could reach. Sunday morning, at 8 o'clock, we rolled into the depot at San Antonio. A short ride took us to the Menger Hotel, a first-class house in every respect. It is situated within a stone's throw of the old Alamo, and but little farther from the postoffice. Sunday passed quietly, and on Monday morning I started out to do the city.

The postoffice was the first objective point; from there I went to the Frost National Bank, of which J. T. Woodhull, who was born and raised at Horn Tavern, in the Town of Riverhead, is vice-president. This bank has a capital of \$500,000, a surplus of \$120,000, deposits of about \$2,500,000, and total assets of about \$3,500,000.

I found Mr. Woodhull a very pleasant, accomplished, affable gentleman. He and his estimable wife

My Western Trip

gave me delightful entertainment at dinner in their beautiful suburban home. After dinner he had his coachman drive me about the city until 3 o'clock, when I took the trolley for the East End, of which I had heard much, to my financial sorrow, but which I had never seen. The local agent drove me over the land and then took me out to South Heights, and then to the great Government Post, which I was told is to be the largest military post in the United States. Here I saw a hotly contested football game between the soldiers and a team of civilians, the former winning by the score 5-0.

I returned to the bank at 6 o'clock, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Woodhull waiting for me with their team. They took me around the city and through the park, which is as fine in some respects as any I have ever seen.

I am much pleased with what I have seen of Texas and its people. I have ridden nearly a thousand miles into Texas and have yet to ride nearly as much farther to get out the other side. I like the people as far as I have seen them. They are friendly and social and progressive. I met a sheep rancher who told me that he owned a sheep ranch of 72,000 acres, the same being 14 miles long and nearly 10 miles wide. He had 28,000 sheep, 1,700 horses and a large number of cattle on his ranch. He is now shearing his sheep for the second time this year, and will get 90,000 pounds of wool at this shearing, which he sells at 20 cents a pound. He employs about 40 Mexicans on his ranch.

The Alamo is a stone enclosure or building with walls about four feet thick. Here, in 1836, Col. Travis, with Davy Crockett and Col. Bowie, and 150 Rangers,

My Western Trip

stood off Gen. Santa Anna, with his army of 4,000 Mexican soldiers for several days, and the place was taken by the Mexicans only when every man had been killed.

On the wall is hung this motto: "Thermopylae had its messenger; the Alamo had none." I was shown the room where Col. Bowie was killed, and the spot near the door on entering where Col. Crockett fell, surrounded by a heap of dead Mexicans.

I start to-morrow for the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, more than 1,500 miles from here. I have now traveled 2,300 of the 10,000 miles I am to travel before I see home again. It would fill a good sized book to tell of all I have already seen, and I query whether my head can hold all that I shall see before I reach home.

There is one joke on me already. I registered at the hotel as Geo. F. Stackpole. When the morning papers came out they announced that Gen. F. Stackpole was at the Menger Hotel. That perhaps accounted for the fine room given me and the courtesy I received. It was all very fine until the bill came in, when I concluded that I would hereafter write my first name in full, and not take the chances of having to pay for the entertainment of a general.

Dated, San Antonio, Oct. 1, 1906.

* * *

After two days spent very pleasantly at San Antonio I took the train on the Sunset Route at 9 A. M. Tuesday for Rio Grande, 523 miles westward. The land along the route was for the most part of poor quality, stony and barren. Wednesday morning, about 8 o'clock, we rolled into Rio Grande. Here I crossed

My Western Trip

the Rio Grande river and took a trolley to the city of Juarez, in Mexico. This city is named after Gen. Jaurez, the commander of the Mexican Army, while Maximilian was on the throne set up by Louis Napoleon, in Mexico at the time when the United States had its hands too full with his own Civil War to make a vigorous protest.

I was interested in the manner of dress of the Mexicans, more especially the men with their richly adorned and wide brimmed, high crowned hats. The city and the houses are not models of tidiness. After a brief ride in the city I returned to the United States and took the Southern Pacific Road for Maricopa, 400 miles further on.

At one time during the middle of the day, while we were riding across the arid, leafless, alkali plains in New Mexico, we had a fine example of the mirage. There appeared off to our right a beautiful lake of water in the midst of the plain. I could see the shimmer of the light on the water and dancing ripples, and the glisten of the smooth water where it was still. It looked refreshing in that desert land. While I was admiring it the City Engineer of Redlands, Cal., who was a chance acquaintance, remarked on the beauty of the lake. In order to appear wise I replied that I had been admiring it and wondering whether it was a real lake or only a mirage. I told him that I had read of persons tortured with thirst while crossing this arid desert, seeing in the distance delightfully cool and refreshing bodies of water, and on traveling to the locality found only the burning sand. He was sure it was water and asked one of the trainmen if it was not, and received the reply that it was only a mirage and that there was no

My Western Trip

water within miles of the place. We arrived at Maricopa at 11 o'clock, Wednesday night. I went to a hotel and went to bed for a two hours' rest. I was up at 2.30 o'clock and soon after 3 A. M., took the train for Phoenix, where I arrived at 6 A. M. At 8 A. M., I took the train for Prescott and on to Ash Forks, about 200 miles across the alkali desert of Arizona. One of the stations at which we stopped was Jerome, near which U. S. Senator Clark has his copper mine, which is said to yield him an income of a million dollars a month.

At Ash Forks I changed to the Santa Fe Road and rode back 23 miles to Williams, where I arrived at 8 P. M., Thursday. Here I went on board the car that was to start at 11.20 P. M., for the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. I made myself as comfortable as I could in a chair car and passed the night as best I could, arriving at the Grand Canyon about sunrise, Friday morning. I went to the hotel, ate some breakfast and went out to the brink to get my first view of that wonder of the world about which I had read and heard so much. The Grand Canyon, through the bottom of which flows the Colorado River, is said to be 217 miles long and to have an average depth of one mile. At the hotel it is 13 miles from rim to rim. The sides of the canyon consist largely of red sandstone, interspersed with what we were told is fossiliferous limestone and black granite. I could stand on the rim and look down the almost perpendicular cliff nearly a mile. A zigzag path had been cut in the cliff, leading to the bottom. I looked down from that dizzy height and wondered if any living thing could go down and up that perpendicular cliff. I hunted up a guide and made inquiries about it. I asked him if many were killed in attempting to make the trip. He assured me that no one had ever

My Western Trip

been killed and that ladies frequently made the trip.

That settled the matter and I engaged the guide and a couple of mules. At 8.30 A. M. I was astride of a mule, with the guide on his mule leading the way down the cliff. While the canyon is only a mile deep we had to zigzag back and forth seven miles to reach the bottom. The path is from two to three wide and so steep that at first I not only braced with the stirrups of the saddle, but I also took hold of the horn of the saddle with one hand and the rump of the saddle with the other to keep from pitching over the head of the mule. The guide said to give the mule her head and not to attempt to guide her. We descended, mile after mile, where a single misstep would have landed us several thousand feet below. My admiration for that mule became very great. She felt her way down that cliff with the utmost caution. If she stepped one foot on a rolling stone instantly the other three legs became rigid as steel until she had recovered her footing.

The path would lead a few rods in one direction and then reverse and run in another direction. It was interesting to see the mule turn the corners on a little pedestal not much larger than a good sized chair bottom. She would stop and gather her feet under and stand with her fore legs erect and stiff and work her hind feet round inch by inch until she was reversed and then she would creep on. At places there were steps, at which the mule would stop with her fore feet on the extreme edge of the step, steady herself for a moment and then drop both feet together down the step, with her legs straight and rigid. The jar was not pleasant for a man weighing 200 pounds. At one place the guide dismounted and told me to do the same, as it

My Western Trip

was not safe to ride. Here short logs had been bolted into the cliff to make a foot hold, but this was too much for even a mule to undertake with a man on her back, so we let the mules creep down ahead and we followed on foot.

I was so interested in the wonderful scenery and in watching and admiring the work of the mule that I was not dizzy and had not the least sense of fear. After three hours' clambering down the dizzy heights we reached the bottom. The river at the bottom is 300 feet wide, very deep and rapid, with an average fall of 17 feet to the mile. It is very crooked and one can see only a short distance of it in any one place. After a rest and lunch we remounted the mules and started back over our seven miles' climb. The ascent is easier than the descent. We reached the rim about 5 o'clock, well repaid for our 14 miles' ride.

After reaching the top I walked along the cliff a mile, then took a stage and rode three and one-half miles out to Roe's Point, said to be one of the finest views of the canyon. Here we could see the fantastic shapes into which the stones had been worn. Solomon's Temple, the Temple of Isis and many other renowned temples of antiquity were pointed out to us, and in the slanting rays of the setting sun and with a little stretch of the imagination, we could see the faithful outlines and much of the splendor of the renowned works of architecture, the remains of which are the wonder of the present age. It is useless to attempt to describe with words this marvelous creation of the forces of nature. President Roosevelt is reported to have said on seeing it: "Every person in the United States ought to see this wonder of the world." It is

My Western Trip

said that the President rode down the canyon, but the guides deny this. It would have been all right as a cowboy, but it is too perilous to be undertaken by the President, no matter how ready he might be to undertake it. After riding back to the hotel and eating supper, nature reminded me that I had had very little rest for two days and two nights, so I laid down to refreshing sleep and pleasant dreams of the many wonderful things of beauty to be seen in this land that we call ours.

Grand Canyon, Arizona, Oct. 5, 1906.

* * *

After indulging a full night in "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," I left Grand Canyon on the 8 A. M. train for the return trip to Maricopa. We had ridden a few miles when the train suddenly stopped and there were reports of pistols. A bear had crossed the track ahead of the engine; the engineer stopped the train and shot at the bear. When I went out I heard him telling the conductor "I hit him and doubled him up, but he gathered himself together and scrambled over the hill."

On the trip out as well as while going in to the Grand Canyon, the trainmen amused themselves by shooting at prairie dogs, which were numerous in their villages along the line of the road.

We arrived at Williams about 12 M., changed to the Santa Fe Road and reached Ash Forks about 1 P. M., where we had to change to the Phoenix and Arizona Road. The train did not leave until 5 P. M., so we had a four hours' wait at Ash Forks. This place consists of a depot and restaurant connected therewith, a post-office, a small store and a dozen liquor saloons. It is

My Western Trip

the headquarters of the mining district. A large railway station and hotel is in process of construction. The postmaster told me he thought it was the wickedest place in the United States. The Sheriff is the proprietor of the corner liquor saloon. I had a pleasant companion here in the person of the millionaire proprietor of the Reading Stove Works, who also manufactures most of the postoffice boxes in this country, as well as in many foreign countries.

He was very social and told me how money fell into his lap. He said there was no trouble in becoming rich, and as I listened to his stories of money making I thought of the statement of the old Roman writer that our successes in life depended largely upon whether or not we were born under a lucky star, and I wondered whether there was not some trouble with the stars at the time I was born.

I left Ash Forks at 5 P. M., and awoke at Phoenix, Arizona, the next morning at 7 o'clock. The train did not leave Phoenix for Maricopa until 8 o'clock in the evening.

I went to a hotel and after breakfast went out to do the city. As it was Sunday, at 10 A. M., I went to the Presbyterian Church, where the Sunday School was held an hour before the church service. I had scarcely entered the church when the Superintendent of the Sunday School came up and spoke to me and asked me if I was not the man that he rode with from Santa Barbara to Monterey several years before. I told him that I rode with a man from Phoenix over that road several years before, and he said he was the man, so I found an acquaintance at once. He introduced me to one of his teachers, an architect in the city, who mar-

My Western Trip

ried his wife in Chenango County, New York, whose family I knew and had visited several times, so I felt acquainted with him at once. After church he took me out to the Indian School, where 750 Indian boys are being educated by the United States Government. They have a large, fine establishment.

The land in all this section when left to itself is a dry, barren alkali desert, but when irrigated becomes very fertile. Irrigating ditches abound in all directions, and the government is building a huge reservoir, about 20 miles above, and is to cement the canals so as to prevent leakage.

When irrigated, this desert land will produce seven crops of alfalfa a year. They have no rain there and the cattle live out of doors the year around. There is no dew, and people can sleep out of doors the whole year. The land in that section has a southern slope of 17 feet to the mile, and a western slope of 15 feet to the mile, so it is admirably adapted to irrigation. I was told that this land, when irrigated, was worth \$300 an acre for farming purposes.

I spent the afternoon at the house of my host, about two miles out of the city, near which a trolley road ran. He had a large family of children who had grown up out of doors. The boys and girls were experts with the lasso, and I was interested in seeing them rope the dogs, cows, and horses, as well as each other. I had expected a long, weary wait for the train from 7 A. M. until 8 P. M., but the day passed very quickly and pleasantly.

Among other places I visited the ostrich farm located here. These huge birds have some strange characteristics, one of which is when a pair has once

My Western Trip

mated, if either one dies the survivor will never mate again.

At 8 P. M. I took the train for Maricopa, which I reached at 10 P. M., and here changed to the Southern Pacific Road and started westward for Los Angeles. Among the objects of interest we had seen was a bridge which we crossed, which we were told was the second highest one in the world, being 321 feet high. Two weeks later I crossed a bridge far north, in Manitoba, which we were told was for a long time the highest bridge in the world. It was 300 feet high. Since my return I have seen an article in the Scientific American stating that a bridge across the Zambesi River is 450 feet high, and is now the highest bridge in the world, but a bridge is in process of construction across the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas that will be 2,726 feet high. Several years ago I rode through the Royal Gorge, which is a rift in the mountain, through which the Arkansas River flows. This gorge is 50 feet wide at the bottom and 70 feet wide at the top, with the almost perpendicular wall 3,000 feet high. The railroad track goes through it in one place on a hanging bridge.

The next morning, after leaving Maricopa, when I arose we had just reached the Salton Sea, about which so much has been written. I had read about it in the October Cosmopolitan only a day or two before I started, so was the more interested in seeing myself this body of water that is attracting so much attention at the present time.

Prior to 1900 the Salton Sink was a vast depression, the lowest part of which was about 300 feet below sea level. It had once been a part of the Pacific Ocean.

My Western Trip

The upheaval of mountains cut it off from the ocean and the burning sun of Southern California made short work of the water, leaving a vast bed of salt in the bottom. The sides of this great valley were very fertile when irrigated. The California Development Co. attempted to irrigate it by taking water from the Colorado River. A canal 50 feet wide was cut from the river leading to irrigating ditches. A sudden rise in the river washed out and enlarged this cut until now the whole Colorado River is pouring through it in a channel more than three-quarters of a mile wide, emptying into and filling up the Salton Sink and making a great sea in its place. It is already about 50 miles long and twenty miles wide, and is rapidly increasing in size and depth. Already the Southern Pacific Railroad has been compelled to move its track back three times, and it will not be long before another removal will be necessary. In places I could see the tops of telegraph poles standing out of water, and at times could see the remains of the old tracks. Houses in large numbers have been destroyed and hundreds of thousands of acres of fertile farming land are covered with the water. I saw one large two-story house, painted white, that was abandoned in this sea, with the water near the tops of the windows of the first story. The article in the October Cosmopolitan on this sea is well worth reading. It gives a good description of the forming of this new inland sea and the havoc it has caused.

Los Angeles is a rapidly growing city of about 200,000 inhabitants, whose stock in trade is its dry, warm climate. I found the people of Los Angeles somewhat exercised over the possible effect of this great in-

My Western Trip

land sea within 150 miles of their doors. In that dry climate evaporation is very great, and the fact is that the enormous evaporation that must necessarily take place will fill the air with moisture and give them a damp, moist climate in place of the warm, sunny skies that now make it a resort for invalids from all parts of the country. An attempt will soon be made on an enormous scale to dam the flood and turn the river back to its old channel, where it had peacefully flowed into the Gulf of California for untold ages.

The cost of this undertaking is estimated at several million dollars, but the land that will be saved for cultivation will many times repay the cost. If the flood cannot be stopped, the valley will fill up until it reaches such a level that the water will find its way to the ocean, unless the evaporation shall be so great that it will finally become stationary and become a great inland sea like Great Salt Lake, in Utah.

Soon after leaving the Salton Sea signs of vegetation began to appear. Palm Spring Station appears to have received its name from the fact that a spring gushes up out of the ground, forming an oasis on which several large palm trees are growing.

At Colton several Mexicans had baskets of fruit to sell. The price of apples and pears on the train had been five cents apiece. Once I remonstrated with the agent for this exorbitant price charged. He said they had to pay the railroad company \$15,000 a year for the privilege of selling fruit on the train, so they were compelled to charge a high price for what they sold. When I saw the baskets holding nearly a peck filled with various kinds of tropical fruit and for sale at 25 cents each, I at once bought one, and then not only myself but all

My Western Trip

in the car that wanted it had fruit to eat.

We began to see fruit trees and vines on all sides. We passed through one vineyard containing 3,000 acres under cultivation. There were large factories for packing and shipping fruit, as well as others for drying it.

The land was irrigated, having ditches with water running through them. For several hundred miles we had been riding through a valley with mountains on both sides. We passed San Gabriel Mission, said to be the oldest Spanish Mission in this country.

About 1 P. M., on Tuesday, Oct. 8, the train rolled into Los Angeles, and I was soon quartered in the Gray Gables. After a bath and change of clothes, I wandered around the city to see the sights. When here in 1901 I was told that the population of the city was 103,000. Now I was told that it was 200,000 and growing very rapidly. I was told that there were 1760 real estate agents in the city. There are numerous oil derricks and oil wells within the limits of the city. Considerable mining is done in the neighboring mountains. There is not much manufacturing carried on in the city so far as I could learn.

It is a noted health resort, having a dry atmosphere, bright sunshine and a warm, equable climate the year around. In the middle of the day it is hot in the sun, but cool in the shade. The nights are deliciously cool and comfortable. The humid atmosphere that makes the Long Island climate so enervating at times, is entirely lacking here.

In a large city of 200,000 people there is of necessity a large amount of business doing and plenty of opportunities for work.

To such as have nothing to do in life and are sitting

My Western Trip

around lazily passing the time and apparently waiting for the summons of the death angel, this is an ideal place.

Oil appears to be the chief article of fuel here. On all the railroads after leaving San Antonio until I reached Portland, Oregon, the engines used oil. Huge tanks were situated along the railroads for supplying oil. I saw several marked, "capacity 55,000 barrels."

There are a large number of oil derricks and oil wells in and about the western part of the city. The streets are sprinkled with oil, and many of the roads leading into the city are oiled. In places I could see pools of oil in the road where it had not soaked into the ground. I queried whether or not it would be cheaper for Long Island villages to sprinkle their streets with oil, especially if one sprinkling would last through the whole season.

After two days spent in the city I took the Coast Line Railroad for San Francisco. We passed through Santa Barbara, famous for its old Spanish Monastery, said to be one of the best preserved in the country. Farther up the coast we came to the oil region. A dock has been built out into the Pacific Ocean about 500 feet, and there are about 100 oil derricks pumping up through the water from beneath the bed of the ocean.

At San Jose I saw the first signs of the earthquake of last spring. Buildings were twisted and chimneys thrown down and not rebuilt. From this city we rode northward through the Santa Clara Valley, said to be one of the most fertile and fruitful spots in the whole country.

In due time we reached San Francisco and I had my first glimpse of the awful disaster that had overtaken

My Western Trip

this city. I had read much about it and seen many pictures and illustrations of the ruins, but I had a faint conception of what I would see when I was actually on the spot and amidst them.

Arriving at the depot at San Francisco, I took the trolley and in due time reached the Hotel Martinet and secured a room. After a wash and a good meal I started out to see the ruins of this great city. The middle of the streets had been cleared of the debris, so that most of the trolley lines were running.

I looked around for some landmark as a base of operations and a starting point from which I could get my bearings. I remembered that the large ferry house at the foot of Market street was not destroyed and I journeyed to that and then looked around.

As I looked up Market street, where the large buildings had stood previous to the fire, I now saw only huge piles of brick and twisted iron. The side walls were piled up with the debris in most places. The walls of the Palace Hotel were standing, but everything about it but the bare walls, was destroyed. Nothing had been done toward repairing it. The Monadnock Bank Building next above it, was so far repaired as to be occupied. That was the only building I could see that had been restored. A few permanent buildings were in course of construction, but most of the labor thus far had been done in clearing away the ruins. An army of men had been at work since last spring, and, judging from what had been done, it looked as if it would take five years to clear up the ruins and get ready to build.

I walked a mile along the docks, and then took the trolley up the hill to California street, and then walked to the great Fairmount Hotel. This hotel is built of

My Western Trip

marble and is an enormous structure. It was about completed at the time of the fire, but was not furnished, and for that reason there was not so much within to feed the flames, and the walls did not appear to be seriously injured. A force of men were at work on it, clearing out the rubbish within and repairing the walls. From the top of this hill I could see almost the entire ruins, and such a scene of desolation I had never seen before and never expect to see again. The fire had made a clean sweep of the entire business portion and much of the residential part of this great city.

Turn the eyes in every direction and where magnificent buildings had stood on the morning of April 18 last, now there were huge piles of brick and twisted iron.

We speak of the cause of all this ruin as the earthquake. I was told that if there had been nothing but the earthquake, it would have been forgotten in a few weeks. Nearly all the damage was done by fire. Van Ness avenue is a very wide street, running across the city, and here the fire appears to have stopped. The new postoffice building was not burned. Although it was cracked and damaged somewhat it continues to be used. Many temporary buildings have been erected for business purposes, but very few permanent buildings have been begun. I listened to many stories of the fire and the panic accompanying it. One man told me that the next day after the earthquake he met a woman miles away from the city, carrying one side of a bedstead. On every hand could be seen women fleeing with bird cages in their hands. Others would be wheeling baby carriages loaded with clothing and whatever

My Western Trip

could be piled on them. Sewing machines were loaded down and rolled along the sidewalks. One man said he was stopping at the Palace Hotel at the time. He dragged his trunk down the stairs and dragged it 35 miles before he stopped. This serves to show the panic that seized the people. Carriages, automobiles, teams and men were seized and pressed into service to remove the sick, wounded and dead. One man said he was stopped with his automobile by a guard and told that he must give up his machine for use in relieving the distress. He at once assented to this, but said, "I suppose you want me to run it for you?" The guard said he did. "All right," said the doctor, "but I am out of gasoline; can you get some for me?" The guard said he could and started after it. As soon as he was out of sight the doctor started and left the city as quickly as possible. Many stories were told me about the excitement and the things done that were amusing after the excitement was all over.

Will the city be rebuilt and restored to its former splendor? I was in the city of Portland, Maine, shortly after the great fire of 1866 had destroyed that city. People were wondering if that city had been obliterated from the map.

A few years later it had been rebuilt and restored so that it was far better than before the fire and people were saying that this fire was a benefit instead of an injury to the city. Chicago was destroyed by fire in 1871. It was restored and rebuilt in a much more substantial manner, and twenty years later everybody said the fire was a good thing for the city. The same is said of Baltimore to-day.

In the city above mentioned, the rookeries and

My Western Trip

filthy places were burned out and better buildings were erected in their places. In San Francisco every bank, nearly every church and large business house and the finest residences and buildings in the city were destroyed. The Chinese quarter, which was one of the foulest places in this country, was purified by fire, and it is to be hoped that that section will be put to a better use hereafter. I spent two days wandering around the city, seeing the city and visiting friends. While it will hardly do to say scenes of desolation and ruins were pleasant sights, yet they were very interesting. I saw no signs and heard no words of discouragement; all were hopeful and ambitious.

The labor unions are making serious trouble in the work of rebuilding. They do not allow any one to work except such as belong to the union. They have advanced the price of wages and shortened the hours of work and try to prevent outside labor from coming to the city to work. Instead of striving to help rebuild and restore the city they appear to be striving to hinder, delay and make expensive the work of restoration.

I was in the city at the time of the excitement over holdups and robberies. I was told that six thousand two hundred revolvers were sold in this city on one of the days I was there. I saw no signs of any disorder at any time.

About 6 o'clock Thursday night I took the ferry at the foot of Market street and crossed to Oakland, Oregon. The next morning, when I arose, I learned that the train was three hours behind time. I inquired the cause and learned that the train had gotten off the track at Sacramento and it took three hours to get it back again. I had not been awakened by the trouble

My Western Trip

and knew nothing about it at the time.

Friday, while at dinner, we reached Shasta Springs, and all went out to get a drink of the famous Shasta Springs water. Mt. Shasta was on our right nearby, a great mountain pushed up out of the plain 14,400 feet. Large quantities of snow were on its summit.

The guide books tell us that there are five real glaciers on this mountain. The sky was very clear at the time, with not a cloud to be seen anywhere except on the top of the mountain. A great white cloud rested on its top and remained stationary there, caused, doubtless, by the condensation of the moisture in the air by reason of its contact with the ice and snow on the top of the mountain.

For several hundred miles after leaving San Francisco we passed through fertile land, with fine farms and great cattle ranches, with orchards and fruit in abundance. We followed the Sacramento River up into the mountains, where mining is carried on to some extent.

I rode in the same seat with a mining superintendent, and was interested in his descriptions. He told me that he went from Indiana out to California. Two men had developed a mine, built a road to it, and erected a twenty stamp mill, expending \$30,000. They became embarrassed, and the Sheriff seized and sold the property. The gentleman from Indiana bought it at the sale for \$8,000. In the first three months he took out \$18,000 worth of gold, and a quarter of a million the first year. He then sold out for \$160,000 and bought a copper mine near Mt. Shasta. He was one of a thousand with his success. Only a small part of what he took out of the mine was profit, as the expense of

My Western Trip

running is very great. One man of large experience told me that it cost on an average three dollars to get one dollar's worth of gold out of the ground. Yet people buy mining stocks, hoping to make money there-with and always lose what they invest.

About 10 o'clock, Saturday morning, we rolled into Portland, Oregon. This city is situated on Willamette River, about ten miles from its junction with the Columbia River. It is a city of about 100,000 inhabitants; at least it claims that number. The city is built on both sides of the river, and on the west extends back to the hill, which rises almost perpendicularly several hundred feet. From the top of this hill a magnificent panorama is spread out before one. Five snowcapped mountain peaks can be seen, each of which rises more than two miles above the level of the plains.

A lawyer friend living in Portland, recommended the Perkins Hotel to me, and there I stopped. I travelled around the city somewhat and saw many of the objects of interest. Here the Lewis and Clark Exposition was held in 1905, and I saw the great exposition building standing by the side of the river a short distance below the city.

The railroad fare from Portland to Sea Side, 25 miles beyond and south of Astoria, near the mouth of Columbia, is \$3.50 each way, the distance being 125 miles. One day while I was in Portland an excursion ticket was sold on the regular train at \$1.50 for the round trip. I took the trip, and went as far as Wirt, 12 miles beyond Astoria, where I visited relatives. Astoria was founded by John Jacob Astor as one of his fur stations. Now one of its chief industries is canning salmon. The railroad runs into the city for nearly a mile

My Western Trip

over water, on spiles driven in the river. Many of the business places are on spiles over the river. The river here is eight miles wide. The city is stretched along the river on a narrow strip of land between the river and the steep hills adjacent to it. The climate here is moist, and vegetation is luxurious. I have seen trees several miles south of Astoria that stood 300 feet high, and measured 12 to 15 feet in diameter. The man I visited told me of raising an ordinary field turnip that weighed 55 pounds.

One hears large stories in the West. It is reported that salmon sometimes run up the Columbia River in such enormous schools that it is possible to drive a horse and carriage across the river on the fish. I did not meet anyone who had done this. I heard a minister describing the wonderful fertility of the soil in the West. To illustrate this he told a story which he said one could believe as true or not, according to his credulity.

He said he was visiting a friend who was boasting of the wonderful productions of the soil in the West and proposed to give him an illustration. His friend took some cucumber seed in his pocket and invited the minister to go out in the field with him. When they reached the lot the friend prepared the ground ready to plant the seed, and said to the minister, "When I say 'scat,' you run as fast as you can and jump over the fence."

The minister said when he heard the word "scat," he started and ran a short distance, as fast as he could, but his curiosity to know why it was necessary for him to run led him to stop and look back to see what was happening. This was his great mistake, for before he could get started again the seed had sprouted, the vines

My Western Trip

had come up, and in their rapid growth had overtaken him and tangled his legs so he could not run any more, and his friend had to get the mowing machine out and cut him loose. When he was free it was found that all of his pockets were crammed with full grown cucumbers. This story may not be susceptible of proof, but it may be taken to illustrate a truth.

After two days at Portland I took the train for Seattle. The chief industry along this route appeared to be lumbering. I saw some of the best grass land along this route that I had ever seen. I was told that four tons an acre was an average crop of hay. We made a short stop at Tacoma, and then were off for Seattle, which in due time was reached, and I was soon quartered in a comfortable room in a good hotel.

After a night's rest I started out to see the city. Seattle is on the east side of Puget Sound. It contains about 200,000 inhabitants, and is growing very rapidly. One man said to me that the inhabitants were striving so hard to get rich that they could hardly afford time to eat. I had reached the Northwest at the beginning of the rainy season. I started out in the morning with the sun shining, but had gone only a few blocks when it began to rain. I returned to the hotel, and in a few minutes the sun was shining again. I put on an overcoat and took an umbrella and started out again. In a few minutes it was raining again; this time I kept on, as I saw other people paid very little attention to the rain.

At the foot of the street, in a little park was set up a huge pole, with crude figures or heads of men, dogs, and mythical beasts carved on it. I inquired what it was or what it represented, and was told that it was a totem pole that some one had procured up among the Esquimaux.

My Western Trip

The city extends from the water eastward, up a very steep, high hill. I climbed the hill and entered the Court House, went into the court room and listened with interest to the selection of a jury in a burglary case. The prisoners were three men who had been loafing around the city for some time. The principal question asked the jurors was, "Would you give the same weight to the testimony of men who were engaged in no employment that you would to that of other persons?" Some would say "yes," and others "no." One man said in answer to the question that with such a scarcity and demand for labor as existed in Seattle he did not see the need of anyone being without employment.

I went from the court room to the County Clerk's office, in the same building. A Mr. Raine, brother of the Rev. James Watt Raine, was the County Clerk. He told me that he had 45 employes under him; that he was disbursing officer of all court funds, and had to give a bond in the sum of \$150,000. His salary was \$2,200 a year. I recalled the time when it was proposed to put the Suffolk County Clerk's office on a salary of \$4,000, and the politicians claimed that the sum of \$4,000 was not enough for the County Clerk, although he gives a bond of only \$10,000, and has not a quarter as many employes under him, and is not the disbursing officer of the county as is the County Clerk of Seattle.

Mr. Raine is something of a politician and campaign speaker, noted for his uncompromising integrity and uprightness. He took me to the club for lunch, then out to his home, and from there we went to the lake and went out to his father's farm. He showed me a tract of land on the lake which he said a man bought for \$3,200 and sold for \$35,000. Land prices are booming there even more than here. For a time Tacoma as

My Western Trip

the outlet of the Northern Pacific Railroad and Seattle as the outlet of the Great Northern Railroad were rivals, but Seattle has far outstripped her former rival.

I was told of the enormous steamships that James J. Hill had built to carry the Asiatic trade. I remembered that I had several times seen them while they were in process of building, at New London, Conn.

I was told that at Seattle it was a difficult thing to get justice in the courts. If a man had money he would buy off the lawyers, the jury or the witnesses; that graft prevailed in everything; that the people were money mad, and most of them would do anything for money. Perhaps I heard too much of the dark side of the facts.

Oregon and Washington have been unfortunate in their members of Congress. Of Oregon's members of Congress only one is in good standing now, and Washington appears to have only one that people speak of with pride. Nearly two thousand years ago the old Roman poet sang, "Oh cursed thirst for gold, what dost thou lead men to do!" The same song may aptly be sung at the present day. To-day, the Mayor of San Francisco is under indictment, and the shadow of suspicion that he and his gang stole one million dollars of the fund contributed for the relief of the sufferers from the earthquake and fire.

I spent the day and evening in seeing the sights in Seattle, and the next day I took the train for Vancouver, British Columbia. The ride of about 200 miles was uneventful.

The train stopped a few rods beyond the boundary line between the United States and the British Provinces and the customs officials boarded the train to inspect all baggage. There were two bedecked officials,

My Western Trip

who examined the baggage, and two more covered with gold lace who looked on. There were far more frills than when the American officials examined our baggage some ten days later when we crossed into the States again. As the officer began to overhaul my baggage I said to him, "I have been traveling for some time, and have almost nothing in my grip except my soiled clothes. My wife told me not to bring them home, and I shall be pleased to present them to the Canadian Government." He condescended to smile, and said, "The Canadian Government will require them washed before it will accept them."

We arrived at Vancouver late in the afternoon, and I took my quarters at the Hotel Leland.

I left Vancouver Thursday afternoon on the Atlantic Express. There were five classes of cars on this train, viz: emigrant cars, ordinary day coaches, colonist sleepers, Pullman and standard Pullman. The tourist cars are attached to the train on Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. The price of a seat and berth on a Standard Pullman from Vancouver to Montreal is \$18, and on the tourist Pullman, \$9. The only material difference in the cars is that the standard cars are trimmed with plush and the tourist are trimmed with leather. I took the tourist car for the continuous ride of five days and five nights. The distance between Vancouver and Montreal is 2,904 miles.

The tourist Pullman car differed from the standard in that it had a kitchen in one end containing a small cook stove, with a coal fire in it, a sink with hot and cold water faucets, a cupboard with shelves and hooks. Many of the occupants of these cars take their baskets of provisions, with a coffee pot, dishes, and some cooking

My Western Trip

utensils, and board themselves on the train. There are small tables arranged to go between the seats, so one can spread his own table and eat in comfort.

This is a great saving of expense. There was an excellent dining car on the train, but, like all dining service on the cars, prices were quite high. When cooked eggs cost 25 cents each it is surprising how good they taste. At home one egg will suffice me; on the train, where the cost was so much, it seemed to me that I could eat a dozen and then want more. A kind-hearted lady occupying the seat next in front of me invited me to sit at her table, and I was well cared for. Several of the ladies on the train united in making a pot of cocoa before retiring at night, and I was fortunate enough to come in with that combination.

Thursday afternoon we wound around among the mountains, following streams and bodies of water most of the time. The next morning we were in the Canadian Selkirks. Mountains were on every hand. In places there were snow sheds built out of huge logs, and entering them was like entering a tunnel. They are made strong enough to bear up any weight that can fall upon them. At times the mountains would be nearly a mile high on either side of the track, with almost perpendicular sides. In some places could be seen the bare track of an avalanche that had come down the mountain, bringing with it trees, rocks and earth. At one place we went up the side of a great ravine or gulch, crossed over the head of it and ran back several miles on the other side, and then turned and ran parallel to our first course, climbing all the time, thus going over the divide.

At times there would be three engines in front and

My Western Trip

one in the rear, pushing. At one time on our train the pin connecting our car to the next one behind, broke, and the engine pushing behind was all that saved a wreck.

About noon, Friday, we went through a narrow pass between two lofty mountains and came out into a plateau of a few acres, and stopped for dinner at the station named Glacier. Here was the grandest scenery I had ever seen.

As I stood on the platform, directly in front of the engine and only a few rods from it was the mountain Sir Donald, rising almost perpendicularly to a height of more than a mile and a quarter above the railroad track. To the right was the great Illecillewaet Glacier, the terminal of which was about a mile from where I stood. There were miles of this great field of ice of immense depth that had lain here for unknown ages, gradually moving down towards the valley. Still farther to the right were other mountains and other glaciers. The plateau was entirely surrounded by mountain peaks, and in every direction could be seen great glaciers.

The entrance to this plateau was between two mountains, and the exit was the same. As I stood on the platform, near the head of the level land, I could not see the entrance or the exit. It looked as if we were dropped down in the great bowl with no way out except by scaling the mountains, rising more than a mile above us. The trees on the mountains were fir and spruce. They were covered with snow. The sun was shining and the effect was very beautiful.

The train stopped only half an hour. I ate my dinner and then stood until the train started, looking with bated breath at the wonderful scenery spread out before

My Western Trip

me on all sides. I had seen on my trip fields of golden grain, great cotton fields, cattle ranches with thousands of cattle, horses and sheep, great vineyards and orchards loaded with fruit, forests of giant trees, great cities and marts of trade, but I had seen nothing to compare with the awful grandeur of this spot in the heart of the Canadian Selkirks, surrounded as it was by lofty mountain peaks and great glaciers. I had to step aboard the cars and have the wonderful scenery shut out from my view, but the memory of it will linger long with me.

The train started, crossed a wooden trestle or bridge, turned sharply to the left, went less than a quarter of a mile, turned sharply to the right and passed out of the valley through a rift in the mountains, and we left behind the most wonderful mountain scenery I had ever seen.

A ride of about two miles after leaving Glacier, brought us to Selkirk Summit, the summit of the pass, 4,351 feet above the sea level.

A mile further on we entered Rogers Pass, named after a Major Rogers, who discovered it in 1881. Prior to that no human being had ever penetrated that great range of mountains.

Mountain peaks and glaciers were on every hand. A short distance beyond we passed through Bear Creek Gorge, formed by two mountains, Mount Macdonald and Mount Tupper, towering almost vertically a mile above the track. They were evidently once a single mountain, but some great convulsion of nature had rent them asunder and left a gorge barely wide enough for a railway to pass.

(The Royal Gorge of Colorado is similar. There the mountain was rent asunder, leaving a gorge 50 feet

My Western Trip

wide at the bottom, and 70 feet wide at the top, with vertical walls 3,000 feet high. Through this narrow gorge the Arkansas River flows, and the railroad goes through it, in some places on a hanging bridge above the river).

Near here our attention was called to a bridge across Stony Creek. This was a small stream flowing at the bottom of a deep channel, 300 feet below the rails. We were told that it was one of the highest bridges in the world. My thoughts reverted to that other bridge that I had crossed several weeks before in the extreme southern part of the United States, that was 321 feet high.

We continued to descend until we reached the point where the Selkirks and the Rockies meet at Beavermouth, the most northerly station on the road. We now started on the ascent of the Rockies. I had long heard of the wonderful mountain scenery at Banf, in the Canadian Rockies, and had reckoned much on seeing it. Our train was several hours late, and I learned that we would reach Banf about midnight. I had bought a through seat, and could not stop over without forfeiting my ticket, so I had to forego that which I had been anticipating seeing.

There was, however, on every hand a surfeit of mountain peaks, gorges, canyons and ravines. For about 600 miles we rode through the mountains, then we came out on the vast level stretch of prairie across which we were to ride for more than 1,000 miles. Soon after we came to Calgary, a city of 1,500 inhabitants, a trading mart for the great ranching country and the main supply station for the mining camps in the mountains through which we had just passed.

My Western Trip

Near here is said to be the largest irrigating plant in America. The climate is mild, the air is dry, and the land is fertile when irrigated. We rode eastward mile after mile over the level plain. Cattle ranches and cultivated farms abounded on every hand.

A thousand miles east of Vancouver we stopped at the station Medicine Hat, a place of 3,500 inhabitants, the center of a rich mining and farming country, with several coal mines and natural gas wells in the vicinity. else in Canada.

Villages and small cities abound along the line of the railroad. We could obtain only a passing glimpse. The snow fall is said to be lighter here than anywhere of them from the train. We passed Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, just as day was breaking, Tuesday morning, and 116 miles further on we rolled into Montreal at 9.30 A. M.

At the beginning of our ride we passed through about 600 miles of mountain scenery, then came about 1,000 miles of level prairie, then 1,000 miles of rocky land interspersed with swamps, and the last few hundred miles consisted quite largely of well cultivated farm land. We had been five days making less than 3,000 miles. On the first part of our trip through the mountains we had made less than 20 miles an hour.

We stopped every few miles at small stations. Fourteen hundred and eighty-two miles from our starting point, and about half way across the country, we rolled into Winnipeg, the capital of the Province of Manitoba, a city of 9,500 inhabitants. This is a handsome, modern city. It has been for years the chief post of the Hudson Bay Company. It is situated at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, and it is

My Western Trip

said to have the largest railway yard in the world, containing more than 110 miles of siding. I did not learn all these facts during the half hour we stopped there, but gathered most of them from the guide books.

About 150 miles farther on we stopped at Moosejaw, a city of 7,000 inhabitants. This name is an abbreviation of the Indian name, which means The-creek-where-the-white-man-mended-the-cart-with - a - moose jaw-bone. This is the center of a fine agricultural and grazing country. It has fine stock yards, mills and elevators. About 40 miles beyond is Regina, a city of 7,000 inhabitants. About 225 miles farther on we stopped at Brandon, a city of 9,500 inhabitants.

We arrived at Montreal at 9.30 A. M., on Tuesday. No breakfast was served on the train as we were due at 7 A. M.

The first thing was breakfast. Together with a pleasant acquaintance whom I had met on the train, I started out from the Windsor Street Station. I asked a big policeman where I could get my breakfast. He said at Alexander's. I asked where that was, and he said it was on the north side of the Park. We started north, found the Park and Alexander's, and partook of breakfast and then started out to see the city.

Montreal is situated on an island formed by the mouth of the Ottawa where it debouches into the St. Lawrence. The city contains 360,000 inhabitants, and is said to be one of the richest cities of its size in America. It is built quite largely between Mount Royal and the St. Lawrence River. Mount Royal is a circular mountain rising out of the plain to a height of nearly 1,000 feet. It is a public park. The top is flat. Speaking roughly it is a half mile in diameter at its

My Western Trip

base and a quarter of a mile on its top. An inclined railway runs to its top and driveways and paths traverse the top.

We took the trolley to the foot of the mountain and then changed to the inclined railway, and soon were at the summit. The view was very fine. The St. Lawrence River curves around the mountain about half a mile distant from it. The city is built on the level plain between the two; 33 years before I had spent several days in the city and looked down upon it from the same place.

Standing on the top of the hill one can see nearly every house in the city. At the base of the hill or mountain is the great Catholic Hospital. Near by it is the English Hospital. Just beyond are the buildings of McGill University. Beyond rises the dome of St. Peter's Cathedral. Farther to the right rise the two towers of Notre Dame Cathedral. Looking over the city the great Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence River, more than two miles in length, stands as a monument of the progressive civilization of our times.

We followed the road around the plateau. On the side opposite to the city, across the level plain and on a gentle rise, is the city of the dead. After feasting our eyes on the wonderful panorama spread out before us in every direction, we descended the mountain and returned to the city.

After a short rest we started out to see the city. St. Peter's Cathedral was our first objective point. We were told that this cathedral is an exact reproduction of St. Peter's, at Rome, only on a scale one-third as large. We entered the cathedral and spent considerable time wandering around and enjoying its remark-

My Western Trip

able beauty. Judas at one time complained because there was so much waste, saying it were better that it had been sold and the money given to the poor. I confess to having somewhat of Judas' feelings when I looked upon the lavish expenditure of money and thought of the vast number of suffering poor in the Dominion. And the other question that kept arising as I looked around on its resplendent beauty was this: Is worship that goes up from such a beautiful, costly temple more acceptable than that which goes up from some cheap, humble, unpainted board church? I could not at the time recall any passage in the New Testament since the "old things passed away and all things became new" that advocated or even countenanced the giving of vast sums of money to build costly temples.

But my musings had to be laid aside. After a time we went out and wandered eastward until we came to Notre Dame Cathedral. We entered this, took a seat and gazed around. This cathedral seats ten thousand people. Large numbers were coming and going all the time. It was curiously interesting to one outside that faith to see the faithful as they entered dip their fingers in a great bowl of water, make the sign of the cross on their foreheads, touch the place over the heart, and then go around the great building, kneeling to images, crossing themselves before paintings, bowing to the altar, counting beads and otherwise going through their forms of worship. To them it was all real. I bared my head in respect to their sincerity, but here again queries arose:

Can an All Wise Divine Creator receive pleasure from such forms and ceremonies, and is it true wor-

My Western Trip

ship? It seemed to me that I should lose respect for Him who made all things, if I believed that He required no higher form of worship than such as these sincere people were offering. But here again they were sincere, and sincerity is one of the cardinal virtues.

We visited some of the great Protestant churches, but they were insignificant in size, external and internal appearance, when compared with the great Catholic Cathedrals. The day was passed very pleasantly in doing the city in our limited time.

After a very pleasant day spent in Montreal, doing the city and seeing some of the most prominent objects of interest, I took the 8 P. M. train for Springfield, Mass.

Soon after we started a pleasant-faced, jolly chap came through the train to examine our baggage. He asked me what I had. I told him "two hand grips," and started to open one. He asked me if I had anything liable to pay duty. I told him all I had I brought from home except some clean shirts that I bought in Montreal. He said, "all right," that I need not open up my baggage, and passed on. So far as I could see he had no badge to distinguish him as a customs official. The examination was very different from the one when I entered the British Provinces. Then the train was stopped and four pompous individuals, with a large amount of gold trimmings, examined our baggage. When I entered Mexico the customs officials looked at me quite sharply, but did not detain me, and the same thing occurred when I came back into the states.

I retired to my berth in good season, and when I awoke the next morning we were nearing Springfield. I had become so accustomed to riding on the cars that I

My Western Trip

could sleep better on them than I could in the quiet of my own home.

We reached Springfield at about 7 A. M., and after a wait of nearly an hour I took the train for New York.

I had met many very pleasant people on my trip. I had found everyone whom I approached very pleasant and friendly. I had not received a discourteous word or act during my whole trip.

At New Haven, a middle-aged, richly dressed lady entered the car. The only vacant seat was the one occupied in part by me. She took it, and we rode for nearly an hour without either speaking. At length I ventured to remark that it was a pleasant day. She said yes, but we had been having cold weather. That dissipated the frost. We discussed Christian Science, the wonders of electricity and divers subjects. From some remark she learned that I had visited the Grand Canyon. She had seen and heard a stereopticon lecture on that subject and wanted me to tell her about the real thing. Our conversation did not lag all the way to New York City, which we reached about noon. I had found this lady not as she appeared to me at first—a haughty person with nose and chin turned upward from the earth, but a very agreeable, intelligent lady.

At New York I passed the time that I had to wait for my train in riding and walking about the city. I took the first train at 4.15 P. M., and two hours' ride landed me at the place from which I had started a month before. I had traveled nearly 10,000 miles; had been well all the time, and had a most enjoyable trip.

I wish that everyone who wants to could make the trip and enjoy it as I did. I did not get tired, and did not find it hard and fatiguing. I reached home as

My Western Trip

fresh as I started. I know of no other way in which most of us who have seen but little of the world can get as much real lasting pleasure and satisfaction from an investment of two or three hundred dollars as in spending it in some such trip. It is an education to one who travels with his eyes and ears wide open. I trust that I may have interested some, at least, in the brief description of some parts of this trip, which I have published from time to time.

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